

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Bertram Park.

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43, Dover Street, W 1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope or return if unsuitable.

## ENTERTAINMENT OR EDUCATION?

HERE has not been an exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society since the Entertainment Tax became law at which this question has not been discussed. Strong and much opposed ideas are ventilated on it, but one would have thought that the Show at Leicester would have been an exception to the rule because no one can call it anything else except education. Leicester town and Leicester County Council are very jealous friends of education, and the schools for rural teaching are about the best in the country. Most of it is very practical; the children are taught to do things rather than to read up information about them. It is recognised, in fact, that the chief end of the school is to build up a reasoning mind, one that is not wasted in the discussion of abstractions, but is trained as far as possible to help a boy or girl to make the greatest use of his own gifts. As is explained in the article on the Show in another part of the paper, this is a principle applied in a very practical manner. We may assume that the youths of either sex who are brought up in a district partly arable but predominantly pastoral would find this kind of education peculiarly suited to their needs. Very practical attention, at any rate, is paid to it. There is in the exhibition grounds an allotment of 350 acres specially laid out by the County Council as a model, and it does great credit to those who planned and cultivated it. The land is, in the

proverbial expression, as clean as a new pin; not the ghost of a weed is allowed to mingle with the crops. In a late year, too, the results are most creditable to the skill and perseverance of those who carried out the design. The produce is exactly of the sort to satisfy the needs of the cottager all the year round, and, be it noted, this is said in no disparaging sense; we do not mean in the slightest to suggest that the taste of a cottager in regard to potatoes, cabbages, onions and the other vegetable adjuncts to his daily fare is a whit less particular than that of those with larger incomes. He knows the best that his garden will grow and generally insists upon obtaining it, but he always has been a little random in his methods, as, indeed, he was forced to be on account of his work. It is not every day after hours of labour that he would find it amusing to go into the garden, but the beauty of the plan put into practice by the County Council is that economy is applied to every seed and every inch of ground. We could not imagine land of any description being more fully cropped without being overcropped, which is as wasteful as undercropping. The proof of that was in the excellent manner in which the potatoes, leeks, onions, carrots, parsnips, beetroot, peas and beans were grown. The crops were all very much in advance of the average of those to be seen round London. The ground was bearing everything that it could bear in reason, and afforded proof positive that the head of a moderately large family might provide a good supply of wholesome vegetables to those depending on him, for the greater part of the year: and when that was done it was good to know that there was a little over in the shape of rape with which to feed the chickens or rabbits.

It may be said that this is not the real Show, but only a side one; yet the principle is applied all over the work of the Royal Agricultural Show of England. It is in the annals of the Royal Show that we must seek for the beginning of such highly educational farming as the keeping of milk records and milking tests at exhibitions. The president of the Show, Mr. Ernest Mathews, was a pioneer in that kind of work and had solved the problem of clean milk and, what was more, of clean butter long before it was taken up so popularly as it has been in the last decade or so. It used to be said when he and Mr. Richardson Carr used to work together that it was impossible to find half a pound of bad butter within four miles of Tring; but the agency which has so greatly extended and regulated the test for such dairy produce as butter, cheese, milk and cream has been the Royal Agricultural Show and the minor shows throughout the country. What applies to the dairy applies equally well to the stable and to the wider field of machinery. It is not wholly by books that minds are opened up, as has been discovered once more by the good people of Leicestershire, but it is by seeing and doing, or trying to do. It is, for example, common knowledge that stock of all kinds has improved wonderfully during the last twenty-five years.

Now, this improvement has not been brought about by formal teaching. It has been by those engaged in agriculture attending the livestock shows throughout the country, and not attending as mere dumb sightseers, but as living and intelligent men and women who have freely asked and have been freely answered questions about the difficulties which they have experienced in rearing, feeding, fattening and in the general management of the live things of the farm. They have in that way educated one another to the great benefit of the country, because it is, surely a benefit to have cleaner milk and butter and food of every kind. Seeds, particularly seed corn, have been improved in the same way, the process of education not having been less effective through not being formal.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Ursula Lutyens, the second daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and Lady Emily Lutyens. Miss Lutyens' engagement to Viscount Ridley has lately been announced.

\*\* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**H**E would, indeed, be possessed of a poor imagination who did not recognise the impressiveness and solemnity of the ceremony performed by the Prince of Wales in the church of Notre Dame at Paris on Tuesday. The tablet he unveiled in silence more eloquent than words will record as long as the cathedral stands the brief history of the English dead on French soil. The wording of the inscription is as follows :

TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND TO THE MEMORY OF  
ONE MILLION DEAD  
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE  
WHO FELL  
IN THE GREAT WAR  
1914-1918  
AND OF WHOM THE  
GREATER PART REST  
IN FRANCE.

The place of the tablet is on the last pier on the right side of the nave, facing the rose window in the south transept. It stands by itself, so that there is no other epitaph or memorial to distract the attention of English eyes in the years to come. This tablet will be an undying reminder to the French and to ourselves of the alliance between the two countries, cemented, as it was, with the blood of a million British soldiers. There is nothing more worthy of commemoration in the history of the world.

**I**N connection with the article called "The Last Despatch from Everest," it is interesting to know that Sir Martin Conway inclines to the view that Irvine and Mallory did, in fact, reach the summit. Most of our readers know that Sir Martin Conway has an almost unparalleled experience in climbing and that he is very familiar with the Himalayas. His argument is that, as Mallory and Irvine were seen at over 28,000ft. and going strong for the top, they, in all probability, reached it; whatever was the hour, they would not miss such a chance. He says, "I think it almost certain they got to the top." Anyone who studies the conformation of the Everest glaciers, as shown in the photograph reproduced on page 73, will readily understand that two men already tired out with their long climb could only by a miracle have been able to descend safely in the darkness. That they became bewildered as well as weary is a safe inference, and what else followed can never be anything more than a conjecture. There is only the melancholy comfort remaining that, though at the expense of their lives, they attained the object of their quest.

**T**HREE are few men who, dying as octogenarians, have left behind them so unclouded a memory as Sir Harry Veitch. He figured chiefly in the world of gardening, was a prominent member of the Horticultural Society and head of the firm bearing his name. Sir Harry came from an old Scottish family of Jedburgh and possessed many of the characteristics of the best type of Scot. Though a

keen man of business, he had manifestly a very kindly disposition, was courteous to all and kind to those who needed kindness. It is safe to say that no man of his day was at once so influential and so popular in the Royal Horticultural Society as he was. His career had been successful from the very start, when he had completed his education by a sojourn on the Continent, first at Altona and then in Paris, in the celebrated firm of Vilmorin. On his return he at once assumed a position of importance in his father's business and showed by his enterprise, particularly in the propagation, hybridisation and cultivation of orchids and in his employment of experts to collect rare and beautiful plants in the most distant parts of the world, that he was in the way of earning the highest distinction in his own sphere. It is common knowledge to-day that he lived during a period in which horticultural science and practice made immense strides forward, and in that movement he himself took no small part.

**T**HE local labour crisis that has arisen in the Kent Collieries deserves the closest attention. During all the conferences that were carried out on the miner's wage, it was plainly stated that in Kent it would not be possible to pay the full rates that had been agreed to elsewhere. The position did not admit of it. So far, the Kent Collieries have not earned any money at all. The men have been paid wages out of capital and for some time that state of affairs must continue. It has been recognised in practice that the payment of wages is a first call upon a business enterprise. The result has certainly not been satisfactory either to those who contributed towards the capital or to the men who at a time of business stagnancy have been paid by the collieries regular wages, which now must stop. Elementary justice demands that, in consideration of the immaturity of the business, those who are receiving wages from it should consent to go on at the present rate until profits are earned. If they do not agree to that, the only alternative is to shut down the pits and let the infant industry be choked at birth. If anyone, be he labour leader or anybody else, can make any reasonable defence of the attitude of the miners, we would like to hear of it.

### TIME.

Sweet from the self-same apple tree  
The thrush's melody;  
But, where he once sang "Hope again!"  
He now sings "Vain, in vain. . . ."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**T**HE first two weeks of July are the most crowded of the year from the point of view of the watcher of games, who must often wish that he could be in two places at once. This week Lord's is the hub of the sporting universe, with Oxford v. Cambridge and Eton v. Harrow. Last week Henley and Wimbledon were the chief rivals in attraction, though there was also the Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval. All three were lucky in their weather. The best thing at Henley was the victory of Shrewsbury, who beat the Jesus eight, Head of the River at Cambridge, in the Ladies' Plate. Jesus had had a very hard race out of them in just losing to Leander in the Grand, but Shrewsbury beat them with a fair measure of comfort, and were probably the best crew at Henley. This is the first time that any school save Eton has ever won the Ladies' Plate, and the Shrewsbury boys are warmly to be congratulated. Eton disappeared early this year, beaten by Jesus in the first heat, but they may have derived some vicarious consolation from the triple success of Third Trinity in the Goblets, Stewards' and Visitors'.

**A**T Wimbledon the honours may be said to have been very evenly distributed. France enjoyed a great triumph in having both finalists in the Men's Singles, and, but for Mlle. Lenglen's unfortunate illness, would doubtless have won the Ladies' Singles also. America supplied both pairs in the final of the Men's Doubles, and also won the Ladies' Doubles. We ourselves can rejoice over the victories of Miss McKane in the Ladies' Singles and the Mixed Doubles. There could not possibly have been a

more popular win than that of M. Borotra, who is now champion both of France and England. The crowd cannot help loving a player who is so full of dash and fire, who "takes it out of himself" so prodigally by such miracles of activity, who, above all, plays the game in so delightful a spirit. He so clearly enjoys his own good shots; he enjoys more still, if possible, those of his antagonist; he appears equally happy as winner or loser. It is to be hoped that he and his picturesque blue beret will long be features of Wimbledon.

A FAINT echo of the frenzied cheering from Par's must have been heard over many British breakfast tables on Tuesday when the morning paper recorded the victory of H. M. Abrahams in the 100 metre race at the Olympic Games. The thunder and rush of the sprint appeal to thousands who do not care a brass farthing for the discus and the javelin, and it is comforting that the Union Jack has been hoisted in one of the unquestionably outstanding events of the games. It seemed almost too much to hope that Abrahams would beat the great team of sprinters collected from all parts of the American continent, the flying Paddock, Murchison and the rest; but beat them he did in no uncertain way, and equalled the Olympic record three separate times in doing it. Americ, in her turn, produced some wonderful achievements in the "field" events; 25ft. 6ins. in the long jump and just under 6ft. 6ins. in the high jump almost take one's breath away.

THERE are few messages that will produce more comfort than the assurance of Dr. Adami, Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, that "greater progress is being made in the arrest and healing of cancer than has ever yet been accomplished." For many years past this, the cruellest of all maladies, has defied scientific research. It would be a difficult task to enumerate even a considerable fraction of the sums that have been devoted to investigating it. The result up to a very short time ago was nil. Other diseases, such, for example, as tuberculosis and smallpox, have yielded to research and treatment; the doctor knows now what preventive measures to take and what curative measures are the best, but cancer remains a mystery. The declaration made by Dr. Adami and printed in the *Times* does not stand alone. The fact has been announced in many publications that at last substantial progress is being made with investigations that already have led to good results. "We have reached the stage," said the Vice-Chancellor, "when we can cause the disappearance of some, if not all, internal cancers."

CATERPILLARS were not enumerated, as far as we can remember, among the ten plagues of Egypt, but they might well have been, if we are to judge from the extraordinary destruction that is being accomplished in Germany at the present time by the caterpillars of the pine moth. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* gives the estimate that between thirty and forty million cubic feet of timber are already dead or dying owing to their devastation. He describes the pine trees and the ground beneath them as covered by small white-yellow striped green caterpillars, buzzing all the time like swarming bees, and the needles eaten away falling continuously like a gentle rain. The offender is a small moth belonging to the family noctuidæ, or owl-moth. It has a great number of natural enemies, such as insectivorous birds, predatory insects, flies and ichneumon flies, also swine, hedgehogs and mice; but these protective animals have not made themselves visible in the Prussian forests from Potsdam to the Lithuanian frontier.

LAST week, on a ballot, the Royal Institute of British Architects approved the proposal that the Society of Architects should be amalgamated with them; and, though the Society has yet to approve this also, it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that they will do so. Thus, after many long years of discussion, the two bodies become one. Ordinarily, the internal affairs of professional societies are of no particular concern to the general public, but in this case the fact is quite the reverse, for the general public

have a very direct interest in house-building of one kind and another; and as it is the proclaimed purpose to proceed from unification to registration, this will ultimately mean that no one will be allowed to call himself an architect, and practise as such, unless he is a member of the recognised body of architects. Admittedly, the subject is a controversial one, and those who do not favour registration still continue to tilt at the proposal; but, everything considered, we think there is decidedly more general advantage in knowing that only properly accredited persons may claim the title "architect," rather than that anyone may do so, as at present, whether he is qualified or not.

PRINCE RAS TAFARI, the latest of our Royal visitors, is, in his own way, one of the most interesting of them. He comes from a country that has sedulously cultivated the art of avoiding modernity in all its forms. In it the ploughman may be seen working with a plough exactly the same as that with which his ancestors tilled the fields two thousand years ago. Going out of the country has been steadily disconcerted for centuries, but the Prince is a great exception to this rule, as he is now making himself familiar with life in Italy, France and England. He is, in fact, the chief of the Young Abyssinian Party, and full of zeal for carrying the light of civilisation into his own land. He has much to fight against, because the native Abyssinian still lives in the legendary world of the *Kebra Nagast*, and believes the Prince descended from King Menylek, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who carried away from Solomon the Ark of the Covenant. The reader will find all this legend and folklore in a translation of the *Kebra Nagast* (Medici Society).

#### OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

Each side of path so smooth and green  
Are dear old-fashioned roses seen;  
There they grow in rich disorder  
Grey wall behind, prim box border;  
All shedding out their sweet perfume  
In sunny, scented sleepy June.  
The York and Lancaster show bright  
That quaint red rose all streaked with white,  
Fortune's yellow, a flaming bush  
Flaunts beside modest maiden's blush,  
Pink old cabbage, face all dew wet  
Country folk name it "Bouncing Bet,"  
The moss rose, and the rose Provence  
A creamy beauty brought from France,  
The sweet briar with its spicy smell,  
The old Scotch briar I love so well,  
Monthly roses petals unfurl  
As fresh and pink as cheek of girl,  
The moss rose sweet, the damask red,  
And hanging fragrant overhead  
"Sevensisters"; these with robe of white  
Doth all the old grey wall bedight,  
And many more whose names' forgot  
Blow here and scent the garden plot.

All glowing in the summer's sun  
Old-fashioned roses every one,  
Dainty dames of a bygone year,  
Old-fashioned roses, hold you dear,  
For pot-pourri gathered they you,  
("New-fashioned roses, they wouldn't do.")  
Petals they dried with tender care  
Mixed them all with spices rare,  
Thus keeping thro' the winter's glooms  
The scent of summer in their rooms.  
Scent of roses 'neath Summer's Sun  
Old-fashioned roses every one.

CLARE E. CREED.

A GREAT number of enquiries have been sent to us by those who would prefer to have their bread made from English-grown wheat. Their desire will be whetted by the description of Yeoman Two. It is of sufficient strength to supply the highest class white bread. It was served at the luncheon of the Seed-Testing Congress. The National Farmers' Union have sent a list of local firms who supply flour milled from British-grown Yeoman wheat. The names

of these firms are as follow: for Dorsetshire, at Poole there are G. and T. Belben and W. H. Yeatman and Sons, Limited; at Dorchester the Roller Flour Mills. In Wiltshire there are Suttons' Waterloo Mills at Salisbury, and in Devonshire the Weycroft Mills at Axminster. In Gloucestershire there are Henry Cole and Co., Limited, at Cirencester; J. Reynolds and Co., Limited, and Priday, Metford and Co., Limited, at Gloucester; and the Bledisloe Farms, Limited, at Lydney.

In Herefordshire there are the Imperial Flour Mills, Hereford; in Lincolnshire, the Barrington Mills at Holbeach. In Norfolk, Messrs. Greens at Beccles; R. G. Read, Limited, at Norwich; and Dewing and Kersley, Limited, at Fakenham. Of Northamptonshire we are told that 50 per cent. of the wheat grown in this county is Yeoman, and a good quantity is milled locally. In Oxfordshire, F. W. P. Matthews mills English wheat flour at Shipton-under-Wychwood.

## OLD SHOOTING PRINTS

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

ONE chances now and again on a set of prints which suggest speculation as to how it has come about that they are thus in a "set," with a certain uniformity, being, as we see, by various hands, both of original draughtsmen and of engravers. Just such are the six which we reproduce here, from examples now in the gallery of Messrs. Ackermann in Bond Street. They are uniform in size, in manner of treatment and in subject—all engaged with game shooting as their theme in common—but two bear the legend "G. Morland *pinxit*" and "C. Catton, junior, *fecit*"; two the brief notice that "Simpson *excud*"—Simpson was their executioner—and two are by the drawing hand of Ibbetson, with R. Dodd as their engraver.

How comes it, then, in this and like instances, that there happens that uniformity which constitutes a "set" of the six? Does it arise from conspiracy among the band of executioners themselves or how? It is much more probable that there was but one prime conspirator to produce this result—a picture dealer, or print seller, commissioning this and the other artist and this and the other graver to bring forth prints of a size and concerned with a topic likely to be attractive to his patrons. And some of these dealers, most notably, perhaps, the first Rudolph Ackermann himself, were themselves patrons, and very kindly

patrons, moreover, of young artists who, after the improvident manner of their kind, often found themselves lodgers in the street that is called queer. That there were notable exceptions to this generous treatment of the artists by the dealers has also to be confessed. But it was so, or somewhat so, most likely, that the set under present discussion came to be. The six make a very agreeable group. Our ancestors of the day of the muzzle-loading gun, of the gun, indeed, not so very long evolved from the flint-lock into the percussion-cap phase, seem to have thought little of the theory of "protective colouring" to enable them to approach their game. They went forth as gaily plumaged as the brightest cock pheasant of their quest—or so, at least, their depelters liked to show them going.

That young gentleman by Morland going a-sniping on a snowy day must have shown up very bravely against the white. He, as it must strike us, is a believer in the principle of those shooters of the snipe who tell us that we should reserve our fire when the little bird gets up until he has finished his "stunt" performances of twists and turns and has settled into a relatively steady line of flight. We infer him a pious disciple of that faith because he appears to be withholding his fire awhile. The gun is not yet even raised to his shoulder.



SNIPE SHOOTING.

Painted by G. Morland, engraved by C. Catton, junior



PHEASANT SHOOTING.  
Painted by J. Ibbetson, engraved by R. Dodd.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.  
Painted by G. Morland, engraved by C. Catton, junior.

July 12th, 1924.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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PHEASANT AND WOODCOCK SHOOTING.  
By Simpson.



WOODCOCK SHOOTING.  
Painted by J. Ibbetson, engraved by R. Dodd.

"Every school-boy," to write Macaulayese, "knows George Morland," but that admirable painter is so very famous for his drawings of the farmyard that his many works which have sporting incidents for their theme are rather forgotten. He brings all his own pleasant richness of colour into these as into his farmyard studies. The other artists of the originals of this set have caught his colouring and have arrived at a very good uniformity. The contributions match each other well. All are working at subjects congenial to them. Even the "C. Catton, junior" who *fecit* the Morlands was animal draughtsman himself, as well as graver. He did some engraving of his own drawings, notably of some illustrations to an edition of "Gay's Fables."

Ibbetson and Morland were close friends. There are drawings in which they collaborated. Poor Ibbetson had been invested by his god-parents at the font with the baptismal names of Julius Caesar, an imperial handicap which perhaps weighed heavily upon him; for his life, if not quite so world famous as that of his Roman namesake, was nearly as rich in variety. He died comparatively young, and yet found time to marry, to be the father of eleven children, to bury eight of them, and

theless, Simpson is not out of due place in this good company. The Morlandesque richness and elegance of colour are over all six prints. Ibbetson and Simpson depict the process of ramming home with the rod the wad over the charge so similarly that we may well guess that the one saw the other's drawing before he began his own; but no censure is due to either on that score. Why should they not?

Morland's "Partridge Shooting" shows attention to one of the interminable details that might not be forgotten in those old muzzle-loading days. His gunner is pouring a little powder out of the flask into the top of the nipple in order to ensure the ready ignition of the charge in the barrel's chamber from the cap when struck by the hammer. For, one of our many trials in those days—I, who write, am old enough to have "commenced gunner" with a muzzle-loader—was that this ignition sometimes failed and, oftener, was delayed, with a hang-fire, because of some obstruction, maybe, in the hole of the nipple. So one of the indispensables was a slender pin to run down the nipple now and then in order to make sure that the passage was quite clear and that the firing of the percussion cap charge would be immediately communicated to the powder. We were



DUCK SHOOTING.

By Simpson

also their mother, to marry again, to go bankrupt and, withal, to paint and draw a large number and a liberal variety of incidents in animal life.

He was as gallant as his name would have him be in the subjects that he undertook—from tigers at one end of the scale to mice at the other. His talents, like his life, were richly varied. His human figures are perhaps better than his dogs, although the fore-shortening of the pointer in his "Pheasant Shooting" shown here is admirable. There is a suggestion of woodiness about the spaniel (or, query, cross-bred spaniel-cum-setter?) nosing up to the dead woodcock in his other drawing which not even the stiff attitude in which a dog does make this kind of slow approach to the object quite justifies. And the woodcock itself! Surely it is an almost abnormally fine and large specimen of that fowl—shall we say a "super-woodcock?"

We may yet more insistently ask what we are to say about that, presumably, woodcock as "executed" by Simpson in his "Pheasant and Woodcock Shooting." One of the dead is undoubtedly a pheasant, but the other is not easy to presume a woodcock. Yet, so he doubtless intends us to presume it. But for the drawing's title, we had rather supposed it a moorhen. Never-

further advised to pour a few grains of powder from the flask into the nipple's top before putting the cap on, just as the careful gentleman is seen doing in Morland's drawing. No doubt, Morland knew all about his subject, and it is good to see that the pointer is trained to do the retriever's work and is bringing back the partridge, as he should, to place it in his master's very hand.

This attractive set is at Messrs. Ackermann's to-day—or was there at the time of writing; and, maybe, it was a former Ackermann, or if not he, then another in his line of business, who gave the commission to the different artists associated in its production. That commission, if it were Mr. Ackermann's, would have issued not from Bond Street, but from the firm's earlier premises in the Strand. In Bond Street they will show you a portrait bust of their founder, and you will not doubt, looking at it, of the ability and strength of will of the original. He built up a business which endures, and there is evidence besides of help liberally given to the struggling artists. He worked to relieve distress on a far larger scale than this, moreover, for after the devastation of Europe in the Napoleonic wars he set on foot a relief fund which reached £100,000, and was

supplemented by a like sum voted by the Government—figures which sound modest enough to-day but were large then.

He was, besides, a practical student of applied science, beginning, maybe, with his interest in all the processes concerned with the reproduction, restoration and preservation of pictures. There exists, but the copies are few, a print of

date 1809 by Rowlandson entitled "A Peep at the Gas Lights in the Strand." This, actually, was a peep at Mr. Ackermann's shop, the first to be illuminated by gaslight; and we are told of crowds assembling in the street to look in at the new illuminant in constant, but constantly disappointed, expectation of seeing a conflagration which should burn the place down.

## SYNDICATE SHOOTING EXPERIENCES

BY ONE WHO HAS HAD THEM.

**H**AVING taken out more than fifty game licences consecutively, and having made good use of them, I hope my experience may be of interest to shooters in general and to those who join syndicates in particular.

My shooting career was commenced by accepting invitations to every sort of sport, from beating out ponds for moorhens, snipe, wildfowl and hedgerows for rabbits, and to helping to make bags on the grand scale. I was lucky to be termed "useful," and being always possessed of dogs that could be put in the same category, I found no lack of opportunity. All went well for some time, but as years rolled on the necessity of having shooting of my own to which I could invite those kind friends who had contributed so much to my entertainment became apparent. At this stage trouble began. Agents offered tempting propositions, wonder railway facilities, comfortable hotels and fascinating bags. Careful investigation sometimes made it necessary to take their rosy descriptions with the proverbial "grain of salt." Bags I found were given of one particularly good season, in other seasons the place had not been shot, or the owner had shot it a few times, or the last tenants had kept no account of the bags they made, or, best refuge of all, they could not "hit a haystack."

After looking well over one place I have in my mind and seeing very few partridges, I interviewed the largest farmer on the estate. His first question was "How many partridges did they say you should kill?" The answer was "500 brace." He laughed and remarked, "When I tell you that there has not been that number bagged on the whole estate altogether during the last five years I have been here you will know where you are." There are not many cases like this, but there are always matters of importance that must be carefully looked into or much disappointment will follow. The moral is that shootings should not be hired without expert advice, which, even if it has to be paid for, is cheap at any price. After years of varied successes and otherwise I came to the conclusion that a shooting host's position is not altogether an enviable one. The cost for the sport obtained was enormous. It is quite easy to spend from £500 to £2,000 a year to run even a moderately good shooting. In addition there is the expense attached to a house or hotel, entertaining guests, game to be given away (people who have not gone through it have no idea of the proportions of this item), travelling expenses, and so on. Altogether every day's shooting throughout the season may average £50 to £100. Then there is getting the guests together at the right times. It may happen that one, two or more are unavoidably compelled to be absent. The parson does not appreciate being made a tool of, and the village doctor could only come for a few hours on one day.

In partridge driving it is most essential to have a full team of guns if the bags the ground is capable of affording are to be made. The secret of killing partridges is to break them up and there is no better method of doing this than to have sufficient guns who will fire at them in front. Surprised in this way as they top the fence they will fly in all directions, and once so separated are easily handled and shot afterwards. For other reasons too few guns will spoil a day in the coverts. Pheasants are better put over the front line if firing is kept up in their rear; those birds that go back or out on the flanks are usually some of the best, so back guns in their turn have nothing to grumble about. All these drawbacks, coupled with excessive taxation, difficulty of obtaining and keeping domestic servants in the country, make it compulsory that those people who must have good shooting should cast about for a less costly source of supply. This goal can best be reached by joining a syndicate. But there are syndicates and syndicates: here again expert advice or experience are the only sure means of obtaining something worth the price asked.

It is in recent years that the running of shootings on company lines has become general. An experience extending over the period since when syndicates were first tried has taught me that it is by far the most advantageous method by which

good sport at a reasonable cost can be secured, always provided that it is worked upon the most recently approved lines. I have been a member of parties of six and of seven guns where the keeper was allowed to manage the shooting and one of the members the finance. The success or otherwise depended chiefly upon the keeper, and I must confess that the "otherwise" has generally been the result. Crude as the suggestion may appear, by far the best proved plan is to join a shooting that is being run as a business proposition by a thoroughly experienced and competent proprietor who will take in paying guns. The monetary risk is known beforehand, all details are stated on paper and the capacity of the undertaking can be ascertained by reference to those who are or have been members of the party. The dates for shooting should be fixed as far in advance of the commencement as possible, they should be typed or printed upon cards and should be strictly adhered to. Any attempt to change after once a decision has been made should be strenuously opposed as it is sure to create confusion.

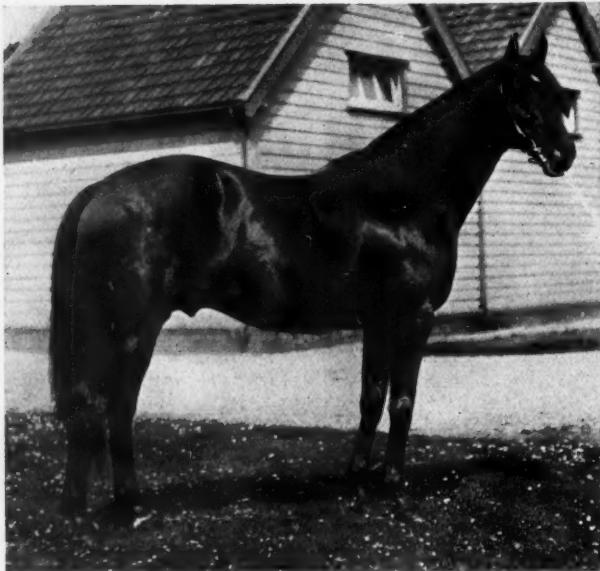
The proprietor should arrange for all conveyances, game carts and means for carrying about cartridges, raincoats, luncheon and such like. Places should be drawn for and five guns or more should move two places at each stand. The number of shooters should be fixed and never allowed to be exceeded or trouble is sure to follow. Seven is the usual number. Where, however, the fields are large and there is much ground to cover, eight or nine will not be too many. It is usually better for the proprietor or manager not to shoot in the line. His place is where he can observe what is going on, both in regard to the beaters and the game. There are, I am aware, instances where this person takes out two guns, provides himself with a good loader and takes his place with the others. It should be done only if there is a shortage of guns or when it is necessary to bag as much game as possible in a given time. Guaranteed bags should never be asked for. One may state what is expected, but circumstances alter cases, and no one can guarantee the weather.

A given quantity of game or an equivalent in a cash return at the end of the season should be granted to each member, and any more game he may require should be charged at wholesale market prices. Demand sheets with printed headings may be distributed at lunch time and when filled up the game so ordered should be tied ready for the evening departure. An extremely important matter frequently at first overlooked connected with syndicate shooting, is the composition of the party. Differences in social positions, temperaments, manners and sometimes purses make for trouble. A tactful and experienced chief with a knowledge of human nature will see to it that the wrong men are not brought together. One such person will spoil the pleasure of the whole party, and this for an entire season. Perhaps the worst offender is he who persistently shoots at his neighbours' birds, and if he kills them claims them, but, of course, he is always beaten by the man who is dangerous.

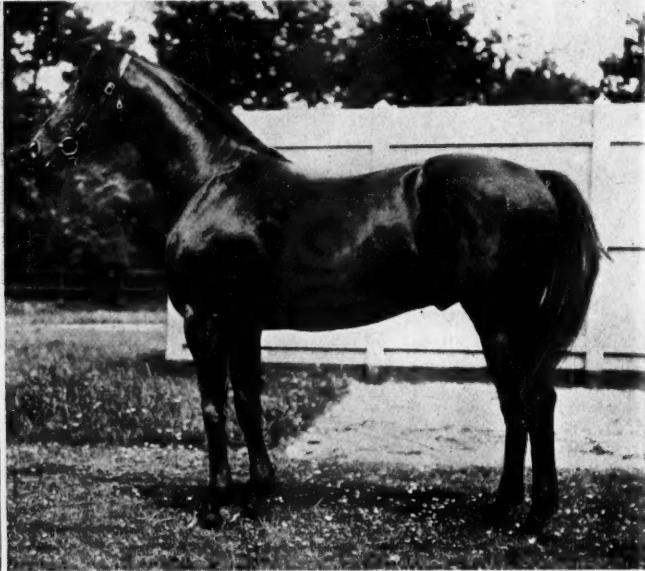
The matter of housing is a very serious consideration. It is incomprehensible that in these times of so much road travel country hotels should still be run upon such primitive lines. Go where you will you find discomfort in the shape of bad lighting, heating, cooking, sleeping, sanitary arrangements and service, and in addition, impertinence if objection is made. Care should be taken when joining a party that these matters have been investigated. Far better to put up in a good-sized town and spend a little more on transport. When guns can bring good dogs they should be encouraged to do so; much time is saved between drives. A word in conclusion as to what would seem to be an ideal syndicate. It is an eight gun party that is taken up by four guns. These would then all have the opportunity of bringing guests. If they shoot on alternate weeks the intervening week is available to accept invitations which may be forthcoming from the guests in question. I hope I have shown that instead of one's shooting costing from £50 to £100 a day as good or better sport can be obtained for from £50 to £300 a season by joining a properly managed syndicate.

# THE EGERTON STUD at NEWMARKET

## SOME NOTABLE SIRES AND MARES.



GRAND PARADE.



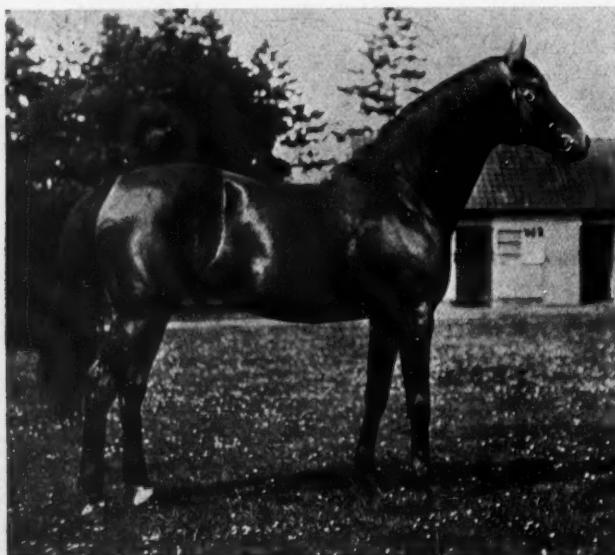
WESTWARD HO!

**I**T was on a beautiful morning during a race-week in May that I found an hour or two to spend around the boxes and paddocks of the Egerton Stud at Newmarket, one of those rare mornings of beauty which seemed to have strayed by some mischance into that lamentable spring and early summer. Mares and foals stood deep in the rich new grass and revelled in the sunshine that makes all things to grow and feel glad of living. Was there ever such a bird sanctuary as is provided by the cool and secluded plantations and the deep hedgerows that extend over the estate right up to the delightful July course? Near by is the house of Mr. Richard Marsh, who for so many years has had the honour and privilege of training with distinction for the late King Edward and his present Majesty. It is a house of great renown in our Turf world for all the memories associated with it. The racing stables are not far off, and a short walk "deeper still into seclusion" brings you to the stud buildings.

Thirty-two years ago the house, stables and stud were built for Mr. Marsh by the late Lord Ellesmere, and for twenty years the responsibility of their maintenance rested, of course, with him. Then came the time when the King became the lessee of the whole place, since when the management of the stud has remained with Mr. Marsh. He is still an incredibly young man for his age, as all who have the pleasure of knowing him will agree, but for sixteen years before coming to Egerton he had Lordship Stud, which is a very few miles away. So, for fifty years or more the King's trainer has been intimately associated with the breeding and training of bloodstock. He has had a wonderful career, rich alike in achievement and memories. As I started on this article I thought of some of the well known

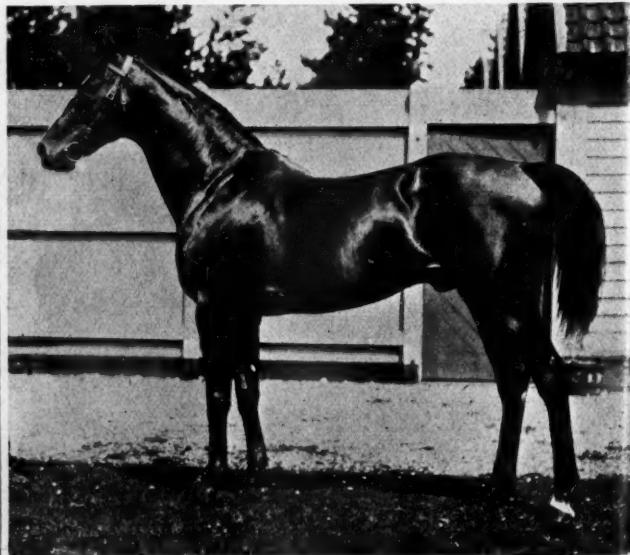
horses that from time to time have been located at Egerton as sires. A Derby winner is there now in Grand Parade, to whom I shall presently refer, and it was there that Ayrshire, the Derby winner of 1888 and a highly successful sire, held court in his time. Yet no one will question that the greatest horse to stand there was Cylleene, sire of the four Derby winners, Cicero, Minoru, Lemberg and Tagalie, himself the best three year old of his year and a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup. It was while the horse was at Egerton that Sir William Bass bought him for something like £30,000, and then sold him to the Argentine, after making use of him, for £25,000. Then one recalls other Gold Cup winners in Morion and Willonyx. The latter may not have been much of a stud success, but his mares may bring him posthumous honour. St. Serf was there, also Marvel (which twice won the Stewards' Cup), Kilcock, a notable handicapper, Velocity, a Cambridgeshire and Doncaster Cup winner, Ugly, Stefan the Great (prior to being sold to America last year for a big sum), Prince Galahad, now in Ireland, while at the present time the four sires on the place are Grand Parade, Westward Ho! Viceroy and St. Louis.

Grand Parade and Westward Ho! are the property of Lord Glanely, and, presumably, there was good and sufficient cause for their transfer from his own place at Exning, on the other side of Newmarket, to Egerton. Grand Parade ranks as the first winner of the Derby at Epsom on the conclusion of the war. It is maintained by some folk that he was only a moderate winner of the Derby, and that in any case he was fortunate in beating Buchan at Epsom. Both points are debatable, but at least he is entitled to that distinction and class which belong to the Derby winner in any year. After all, he had won



W. A. Rouch.

VICEROY.



ST. LOUIS.

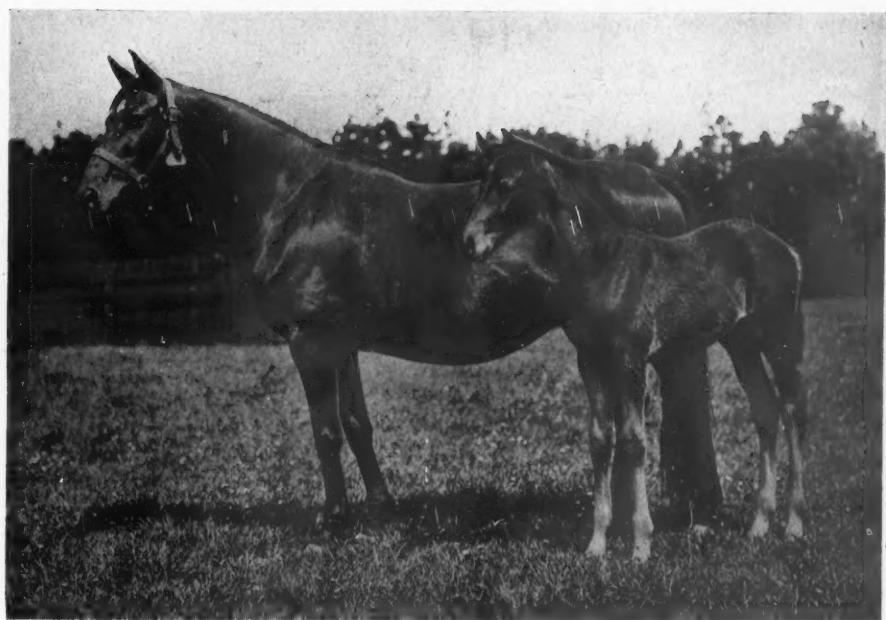
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aces and shown himself a good racehorse, and there was a time when his then trainer, F. Barling, believed he had a big chance for the Derby, and all associated with the stable backed the horse accordingly at comparatively short prices. Apparently, he began to lose his form on the training ground, probably because it got very hard, and the stable companion, Dominion, came into favour, especially after winning the Newmarket Stakes. The outcome was that Dominion became the stable hope for the Derby and Grand Parade went to such a long price that they could not "hedge" their money. There is not the slightest doubt that they thought their money was lost on Grand Parade. To their astonishment, therefore, Lord Glanely and his trainer saw Grand Parade win and bring in much money won for them in bets. The one they had put their trust in on the day was way down the course. In that dramatic way did Grand Parade achieve classic fame.

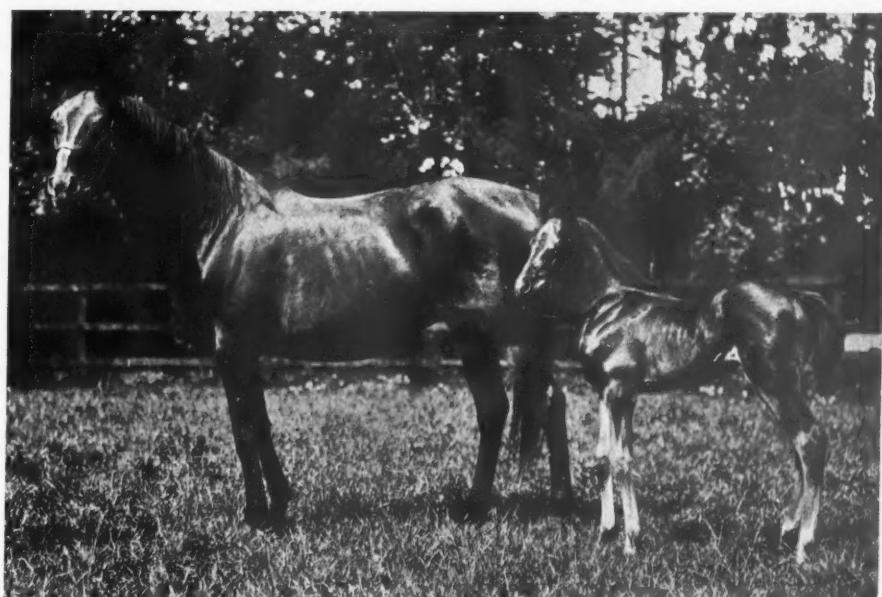
When in training I suppose he stood 15h. 3ins., so that he was in no sense a big horse, and, such as he was, appeared to be made the least of by the fact of his being so compactly built. There was no marked length and liberty about him, but he was beautifully modelled, all the same, for his particular type. He is a thick-looking individual at the stud to-day, the best part about him being his splendid back and quarters. They are simply perfect. His Orby blood makes him specially valuable, as breeders generally will agree, and on the dam's side the Galopin strain is introduced in the best possible way since the dam, Grand Geraldina, is a daughter of Desmond, by St. Simon.

It is only five years ago since he won the Derby, and already he has done big things at the stud. In Diophon (admittedly that colt's dam, Donnetta, must be given a full share of credit) he got the winner of the Middle Park Plate as a two year old and of the Two Thousand Guineas as a three year old. That is enough to launch any horse on the high road to success at the stud, but it is also made much of that, in his first season, not only did he get Diophon, but every one of his runners as two year olds, with one exception, were winners or placed, and, collectively, they gathered in over £11,700 in stakes. I should say that his mares should be selected for him with discretion. The blood to suit should be obvious. What I refer to in particular is conformation. Lengthy mares with some size about them are the sort for him.

I believe in the policy of patronising those stud horses which are getting the winners. That is sound enough, and on that basis Grand Parade calls for no "boosting." He can, in fact, be left to look after himself now. But the sire which attracted me at Egerton, and which I am sure will make good when the time comes for his stock to run, is Westward Ho!—also owned by Lord Glanely. Now, this son of Swynford and Blue Tit (it is worth recalling that yearlings out of this mare have made the amazing sum at auction of 35,115 guineas) is a magnificent individual. He makes Grand Parade look small, and, indeed, he is one of the big type of Swynfords, as the sire himself was. I recall first setting eyes on him at the Sledmere Stud



MARE BY LADAS FROM REDWING, AND BAY COLT FOAL BY DEVIZES.



VAIN AIR AND HER YOUNG FOAL BY HURRY ON.



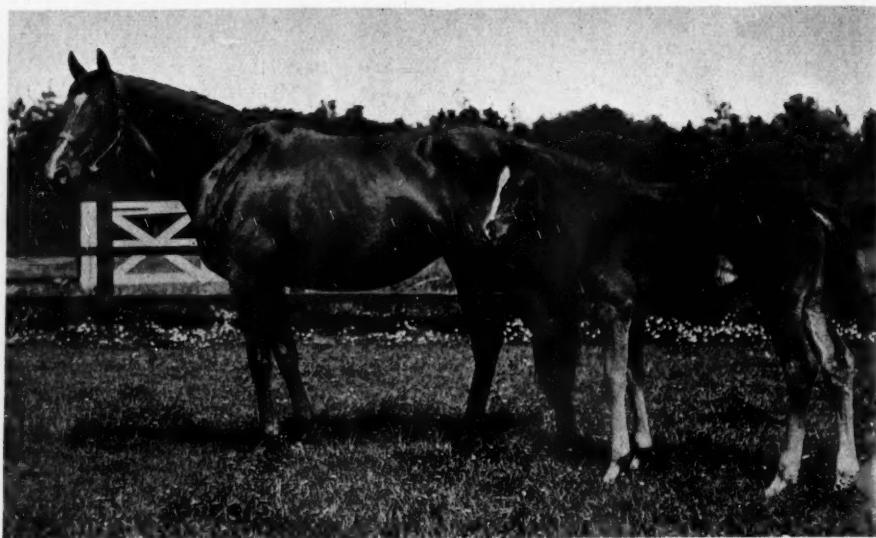
W. A. Rouch.

APRIL SHOWER AND BAY COLT FOAL BY VICEROY.

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shortly before he was due to come up for sale at Doncaster as a yearling. He was far and away the best-looking, but who could have imagined that he was going to make 11,500 guineas at Doncaster? It was the time when buyers went slightly mad—I wonder if Lord Glanely will agree?—and money appeared to be so plentiful, and even embarrassing, the year or two after the war, that the bidding for yearlings assumed what we, who could only look on, regarded as being splendidly reckless. Money won the day when the colt by Swynford from Blue Tit came into the ring. Everyone admired him; and Lord Glanely's admiration must have been fired indeed, for his head just kept on nodding, and though one or two others challenged him, they were finally vanquished.

In training, I believe, there was some hock trouble, and his racing career was compromised to such an extent that he never saw a racecourse as a two year old. In May, as a three year old, he won a mile race at Lingfield Park; in August, he won the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York; and in the St. Leger he was third, finishing in front of the very hot odds-on favourite, Craig an Eran. I always had an idea that he



WATERSMEET AND BAY COLT FOAL BY GRAND PARADE.

sire located here, belongs to Lord Queenborough. He is the bright bay son of Louvois, that won him the Two Thousand Guineas two years ago. St. Louis had only once before seen a racecourse prior to his classic win; that was as a two year old. We

knew practically nothing about him when he came to astonish onlookers by winning the Two Thousand Guineas in such very facile style. He trounced Pondoland, which did ditto to Captain Cuttle. I always thought that, not caring to extend himself on hard ground, he was not benefited by his subsequent preparation for the Derby, though his trainer thought he would win at Epsom, and backed him accordingly. Of course, you would expect a horse to thicken and look better after being taken out of training and sent to the stud. That is why St. Louis looks better to-day than ever in his life. Whether he will flourish at the stud remains to be seen. If his owner does not care about incurring the cost involved in making him by buying the good mares to go to him, his future must rest with public breeders. If St. Louis can get a winner or two at the outset, he will thrive. Certainly he could not be better placed than where he is at present.

There were many mares on the farm at the time of my visit, but I can only give a small selection for purposes of illustrating this article. Mr. Rouch, as usual, was most patient and skilful with his camera, and it will be agreed that he has secured some charming pictures of mares with their foals. Lady Sophie Scott had called on the morning of my visit to see her very nice mare, by Ladas



FOLLY AND BAY COLT FOAL BY POMMÉRN.

never had the right chance of showing what he could do as a racehorse, though I am not suggesting it was anyone's fault in particular.

I never care to be exuberant as to a horse's prospects at the stud, but, given chances of the right sort, I am confident that Westward Ho! is going to do really well. He has the right breeding to start off with, he has most admirable physique, an excellent temperament, and he could race. He has had some of the right sort of mares this breeding season, and his day as a winning sire will surely come.

Viceroy is an attractive and strong bay horse, and won races for the King when Mr. Marsh had the training of him at Egerton House. He is now in other ownership, but is being given every chance he can command at a fee of 24 sovereigns. He is by The Tetrarch from Sweet Vernal, by Sainfoin from Musa, a winner of the Oaks, which is good enough breeding for anything. He won three nice races as a three year old, and also once as a four year old, and, if breeding looks and vitality count as they should do, then Viceroy should certainly be heard of as a sire of good winners. St. Louis, the fourth



W. A. Rouch.

GRAPHITE AND BAY COLT FOAL BY GALLOPER LIGHT.

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from so the vigorous active Sir W. winner of Let been O. Air, w the pic from Vane, Vane the cr. Hurry was q occasio Y attract of Sun for a f mare V. Parade brunn, belonged on beh the oth Swynfo Davis S

M and its Modern The than the and that of Mr. T. should c event. Tolley p playing good th of consol still. W he has in that Brit to found trueness very near I wa steadiness rid of. I used to have many of and it is a spent life those who pity it is now drive minimum in the sha shock of c to play at five stroke a terrific s broken his utmost co to make s discretion ment, and Tolley in may be th too casually but Mr. A. him beat then in every w And us how to Golfer" (O cover, playing in

from Redwing, by Gallinule. This mare was foaled in 1905, so that she is nearing the end of her time, though she looks vigorous enough; this last can certainly be said of her active foal by Devizes, a horse that used to be racing in Sir William Cooke's colours. The old mare has bred lots of winners, including Redfern, which will be remembered as a rival of Let Fly about 1913, Purple Heron and Nectarina. She has been to many different sires.

One of His Majesty's mares visiting at the stud was Vain Air, with a foal by Hurry On, only ten days old at the time the picture was taken. The mare is a daughter of Ayrshire from Vane, by Orme, and I suppose her best winner was Weather-vane, which won the Royal Hunt Cup for the King last year. Vane was a full sister to Flying Fox. It occurred to me that the crossing of Vain Air with a robust and vigorous horse like Hurry On might well have the right sort of result. The foal was quite all right, considering how young he was on the occasion of this visit.

You will notice a foal by Viceroy with Sam Darling's very attractive and well bred brown mare, April Shower, a daughter of Sunstar and Aprille. The mare is young, and the foal is capital for a first produce. There is a particularly good picture of the mare Watersmeet, with her highly promising foal by Grand Parade. This is a Sledmere stud mare by Marco from Kreuzbrunn, by Ladas, and she was foaled in 1909. For years she belonged to the late Martin Gurry, from whom she was bought on behalf of Lady Sykes. I was reminded of the mare only the other day when seeing her three year old Watford, by Swynford, and now trained by Sir Robert Wilmot, win the Davis Stakes at Hurst Park by six lengths. Watford is a great

strapping chestnut horse, of which we are certain to hear more to his advantage. Sir Robert Wilmot bought him as a yearling for his present owner for 860 guineas.

The mare Graphite belongs to Mrs. Arthur James, and she is here shown with a shapely young fellow at foot by Galloper Light. I think it is interesting to show not only the mares but the foals by the different sires. A three year old from Graphite, named Foliac, was a winner some time ago at Kempton Park. The mare is only eight years old, being by John o' Gaunt from Gneiss, by Rock Sand out of Aboyne, by Hampton. Foliac was her first foal, and after he had won a selling handicap at Kempton Park he made 1,000 guineas. Lastly, there is a delightful picture of Mr. Jack Joel's mare Folly, with quite the right sort by her side in a bay colt foal by Pommern, and, therefore, an own brother to Bravado, second the other day at Epsom for the Woodcote Stakes. Folly was bred in 1912 by Sundridge from Absurdity, and actually is a half sister to Black Jester and Jest, both classic winners. She appears to have been barren for four years running, but the mating with Pommern obviously appeals to her. Bravado has been unlucky in not yet winning a race, but he is sure to do so, and the foal, I should say, is all that could be desired at this stage.

There were many barren mares on the farm, some of them very well known, but they do not make quite the same appeal as those that are busy performing their maternal duties, and so I pass them over. But it struck me that their numbers augured well for the patronage of the four sires; while one could not fail to be struck with the orderliness of the place and the management of Mr. Marsh, and his able stud groom and staff generally.

PHILIPPOS.

## A CHAMPION AND HIS BOOK

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**M**R. CYRIL TOLLEY has had a crowded week of it; he has published a book and won an Open Championship and just failed by the veriest inch to win an Amateur one as well. Books are not good for championships, but championships are good for books, and its author could not have given a better send off to "The Modern Golfer" than by his great play at La Boulie.

There has not been for a long time a more popular victory than that of Mr. Tolley in the French Open Championship; and that not only because everyone who knows him is fond of Mr. Tolley, but because it is a great thing that an amateur should once again be able to beat the professionals in a big event. Nobody can have been greatly surprised who saw Mr. Tolley play at St. Andrews and at Hoylake. He is certainly playing better this year than he ever did before in his life. Yet good though it now is, I fancy that his game is still in process of consolidation and improvement, and that he will play better still. With that tremendous power and that instinct for rhythm he has infinite possibilities. In the course of his book he says that British players have no model of ideal orthodoxy on which to found their styles; but his own swing, in smoothness and trueness and that indefinable quality of rhythm, surely comes very near to it.

I was not at La Boulie, but I gather that Mr. Tolley was steadiness itself. A reputation once acquired is hard to get rid of. Before he had sown his golfing wild oats Mr. Tolley used to hit some surpassingly crooked shots—sometimes a great many of them. Consequently, he was labelled a wild hitter, and it is likely enough that if, during the rest of a long and well spent life, he were never to hit another ball into the rough, those who had never seen him play would still say "What a pity it is he is so erratic." As a matter of fact, Mr. Tolley now drives uncommonly straight as well as far, and with the minimum of effort. Opponents who rely on a windfall or two in the shape of a ball in uncharted heather will receive a rude shock of disappointment. He must have had a hard last round to play at La Boulie. True, when he began he held a lead of five strokes from his nearest pursuer, but Hagen came in with a terrific spurt and a 69, and one real catastrophe might have broken him. He seems, however, to have finished with the utmost coolness, taking a driving iron from the last tee in order to make sure of a five and reaping the reward of this valorous discretion by getting a four. It was altogether a great achievement, and so was that of Mr. John Anderson in beating Mr. Tolley in the final of the French Amateur Championship. It may be that Mr. Tolley, a little blasé with success, took matters too casually when he should have been gaining a winning lead, but Mr. Anderson is a very fine golfer. Eleven years ago I saw him beat Mr. Chick Evans in an American championship, and then give Mr. Jerome Travers a hard game in the final. He is in every way a deserving champion.

And now to turn to the book in which Mr. Tolley tells us how to emulate him. It is called, as I said, "The Modern Golfer" (Collins, 15s.), and has a very modern picture on the cover, namely, the author defying the lightning of tradition by playing in his shirt sleeves. But its gospel is for the most part

not modern at all; it is delightfully and refreshingly old fashioned. It has often been said that Mr. Tolley's swing contains all the good qualities which we were taught to revere in the days of the guttie, and I think that the best thing in his book is his exposition of time-honoured doctrines. It may seem an unfriendly act to say of a friend's book that "Slow back" and "Keep your eye on the ball" are its chief features; but it is not really unfriendly and is intended to encourage, not discourage the hesitating purchaser. Mr. Tolley is at once so impressive and persuasive about these two old doctrines, throws so much new light on them, makes of them such fresh and interesting things, that personally I feel, on the next occasion of my playing golf, that I shall really try to do nothing else but keep my head still and swing smoothly. And if only I—and everybody else—could do that, what good golfers we should be!

Briefly, it is Mr. Tolley's belief that to think of keeping the eye on the ball is not enough. In the first place, "The common fault in head-moving is to lift it up, and you can quite easily keep your eye on the ball and at the same time lift your head. . . . You must keep your head at the same distance from the ball all through the stroke." Secondly, to look at the ball is too general an injunction. Choose, he says, a particular dimple or a pimple at the back of the ball and look at that. He adds that he hit on this discovery by chance in his early days when practising iron shots. He was playing them very ill until he noticed that one ball had a speck of mud on it. He looked fiercely at this magic speck and the ball careered away over the Eastbourne Downs and has, roughly speaking, been careering ever since.

Mr. Tolley has another doctrine which is not so orthodox. It is that in driving that left toe should be turned in or at any rate inwards. I remember that last autumn in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon, when he was driving a particularly hideous distance, he was standing in what I will venture to call this crab-like manner. Since then he has modified it a little, but he still turns the left toe much more inwards than do ninety-nine out of a hundred good players. Whether or not the stance is elegant, the principle on which he finds it is undeniably sound. It is that of having "something to hit against," of bracing the left side of the body against the down-coming blow. Everybody remembers the man in Sir Walter Simpson's book who made "a fetish of his toe which, he thinks, is the god of driving." Mr. Tolley makes out a very good case for the divinity of his own left toe.

Mr. Tolley leads us conscientiously through all departments of the game, including that of getting out of the rough at Muirfield, which is not quite so formidable as it used to be, "perhaps," as he pleasantly remarks, "because I have been in it so often." He is, generally speaking, perfectly decided in any views he may hold, and with some of them other people will not agree. It is, for instance, rather sweeping to say that "The accepted theory to-day is that the pendulum swing must start from the shoulders." Though the putting method with motionless wrists is probably the best for those who have no natural talent for putting, there are still many fine putters who putt with a free wrist. Again, the statement that "you can afford to be a few

holes down round about the turn. It is the last nine that count" is undoubtedly a courageous one and characteristic of a player who can be relied on for a fine spurt down the "straight," but it is a little dangerous for the less gifted. However, it would be very dull if we agreed with everything Mr. Tolley said, and perhaps he is most interesting when he is most challenging. It is even conceivable that now and then he is pulling our highly respectable legs.

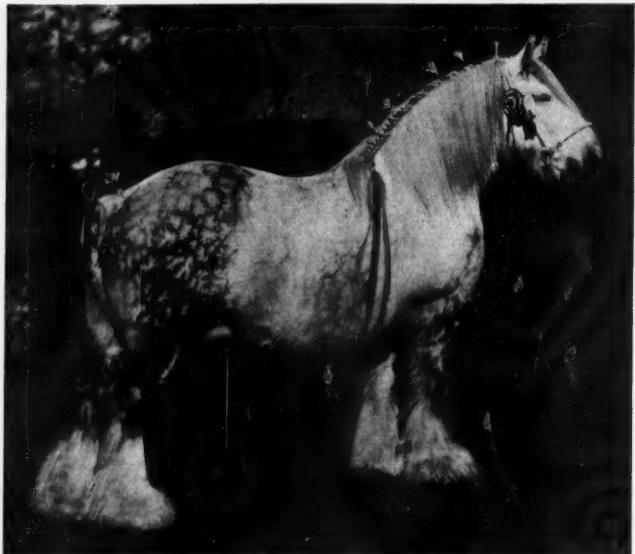
Apart from technical instruction Mr. Tolley has something to say of his own matches and of his two visits to America. He thinks that the Americans play so well because, apart from their wonderful assiduity and power of practising, they play under such perfect conditions, ideally good tees, true, slow and uniform

greens, little or no wind. The result is that they gain so much confidence that they have not time to lose it over here even when they have to play in hurricanes or on greens of varying paces. The Americans, he says, play more of an "old man's game" from the tee, in the sense that they think, above everything else, of keeping down the middle of the fairway. In their play up to the pin, on the other hand, they are far more dashing than we are. "They are not content, as so many in this country are, with playing safe green-finders, but they evoke admiration by their daring and skilful shots up to the flag, 'Pin-splitters' as they are called." Let us hope that Mr. Tolley will be able to improve on all these American virtues when he plays in the Championship at Philadelphia this autumn.

## THE ROYAL SHOW AT LEICESTER

ONCE in twenty-eight years does not seem too frequent for the Royal Agricultural Society to visit a town so vigorous as Leicester, but that period separates the three occasions on which the annual Show has been held there. Twenty-eight exhibitions had been held before the first took place in 1868. Another twenty-eight years had flown by before the next occurred in 1896, and an equal number had elapsed between it and the third one. Much progress has been made during the thirty years, for the R.A.S.E. is nothing if not progressive. Its addition to this year's programme was, for instance, a regular dog show, not a mere exhibition of dogs engaged in agriculture, but such as are gathered together at Cruft's or the like. Lured by a chorus of yaps that sounded strange in the surroundings, the writer reached the dog show at a very early stage of the proceedings, and found the judges already hard at work comparing the merits of rival beauties of the bench. A glance showed that the exhibits consisted, for the most part, of those fashionable breeds ranging from small terriers to the huge array of rough-coated greyhounds which have a common origin though now divided into many different breeds.

Sternly checking the desire to look more closely at the dogs, we turned our steps to the stock-yard. Here were met in the many "vacant chairs" ocular proofs that the dread of foot-and-mouth had caused many owners to shrink from sending their valuable stock. His Majesty the King was one of the few



MR. G. R. C. FOSTER'S ERFYL LADY GREY.  
Champion Shire mare.

Bellevue Farm on the Duchy. It was the Aberdeen-Angus bull, Prism, a young animal likely to mature into a great bull; on this occasion he was second to Lord Allendale's Eccentricity of Bywell.

Winners of championships in the horse classes were, in Shires, Mr. J. Morris Belcher, with his champion stallion, Tibberton Leader, and Mr. G. R. C. Foster for the best female with his Erfyl Lady Grey. Mr. A. Montgomery showed the champion Clydesdale stallion in his famous Weathervane, and Mr. W. Brown provided the champion female in Earleton Lady Alice. In Suffolks Mr. A. T. Pratt carried off the Coronation Challenge Cup with his stallion Shotley Counterpart; Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt., took the female prize championship with Bawdsey Sappho.



G. H. Parsons.  
MR. A. MONTGOMERY'S WEATHERVANE.  
Champion Clydesdale Stallion.



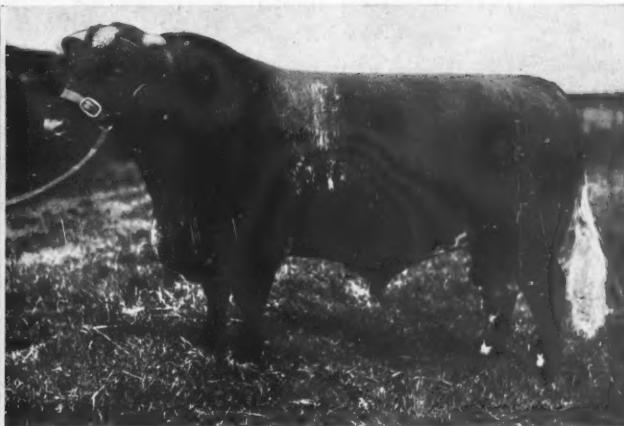
MR. A. T. PRATT'S SHOTLEY COUNTERPART.  
Champion Suffolk.

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MR. H. BAKER'S CERES 71ST.  
Supreme Champion Shorthorn.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' BALCAIN WATCHWORD.  
First and Reserve Champion Shorthorn Bull.

Mr. T. Cook won the championship for the best Percheron stallion foaled in Britain, with his Hobland Demon. The challenge cup for the best mare or filly went to Major J. S. Courtauld's Qualamite.

In regard to cattle, it was more interesting to go over the yards in which they were standing than to follow the list, especially when this was done in the company of two farmers from the Argentine and a keen English farmer. Our visit was made at a very quiet interval when the crowds were watching the light horses jumping. It was evident that Mr. D. P. Barnett's champion Hereford attracted the attention of the experts. He is certainly a bull whose back, contour and quality proclaim him a model. Among others that pleased the Argentine eye was the gigantic Suffolk. "Is he for sale?" at once asked a determined-looking spectator with an American cast of countenance. Many ladies favoured a Blue Albion that had got a minor honour. "If you want to give me something nice, give me this," said a lady to her companion who might have been her newly married husband, and the other lady spectators obviously shared her admiration. Kirkhill Dorin, a British Friesian bull born March 26th, 1918, was by many connoisseurs of the breed reckoned a very notable specimen of the great milking strain.

One may leave this part of the Show, however, in order to touch upon an excellent characteristic of Leicester, and this is rural education. It is done in a very practical way. There is a disposition in the town and county to attach less value to books than to practical knowledge. On entering the ground allotted to this subject one is struck at once with a model allotment prepared by the County Council. It is in itself a fine lesson in economic gardening. The land devoted to it is 350 sq. yds., and one must see it to realise the quantity of excellent vegetables grown in this space. The groundwork of it is a three-course rotation, and the principle adopted in arranging the crops is to have the early varieties that are first to come into use by themselves, so that on removal the ground may be made available for other purposes. We venture to give a list of the contents, as that will give a better idea than any general description. The figures in brackets relate to the divisions: (1) Marrows, rhubarb, cabbage, lettuce, well grown seed-bed with savoy cabbages; (2) row of parsley; (3) three rows well grown winter onions and five rows of spring onions; (4) five rows of carrots; (5) four rows of parsnips; (6) five rows of beet ready for use; (7) well hearted lettuce; (8) two rows of leeks; (9) two rows of celery, French beans on one bank of the trench and radishes on the other; (10) one row of broad beans; (11) two rows of shallots; (12) twelve rows of potatoes; (13) one row of tall peas; (14) two rows of cabbages; (15) one row of dwarf peas; (16) five rows of potatoes; (17) one row of dwarf peas; (18) intergrown three rows cabbage plants, one row of turnips and one row of lettuce; (19) tall French beans; (20) rape grown as green food for poultry.

The last-mentioned item is of very great importance, as the rape will come in for green food when little else is obtainable. We imagine that every practical gardener will be delighted with this arrangement. The plot drew a great deal of attention from those interested in the best use to which allotments can be put. In the

adjoining wooden house there were many exhibits bearing on the economy of the allotment holder. For instance, the space devoted to bee-keeping had a series of old skeps illustrating the only method known in England up to 1850, and beside them the latest hives. Plenty of space was given to milk recording and an illustration of the methods being adopted to secure pure milk. Housewifery was well attended to and the cakes and puddings prepared by girl cooks attested to the care with which this side of cottage economy is taught. Of course, this is altogether separate from the horticultural exhibition, which is an essential part of the Royal Shows nowadays and attracts large crowds eager to know anything new both in the way of flowers and their arrangement.

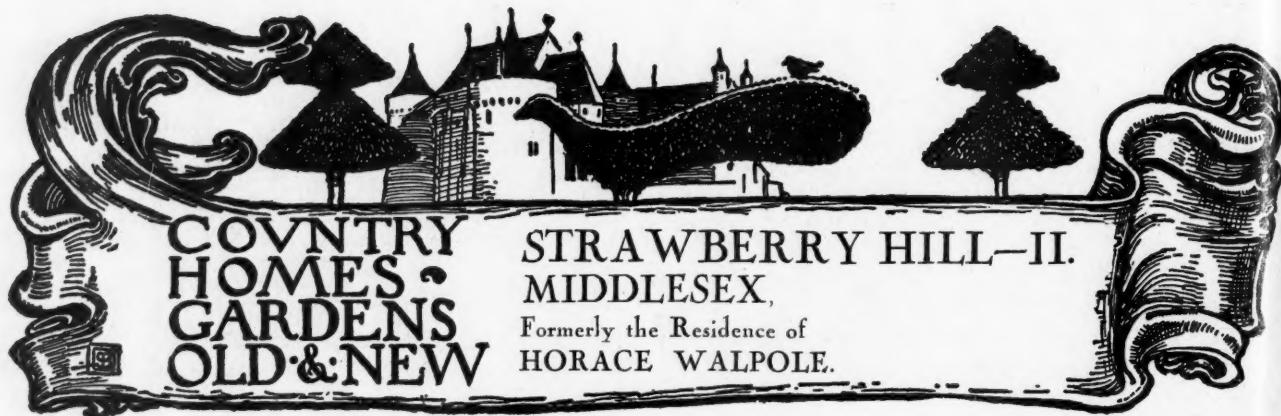
There was an excellent show of sheep, as might have been expected in a county so pastoral as Leicestershire, and the different breeds of pigs were also up to the high quality which distinguished the livestock at this exhibition. A very considerable number of the animals were sold by auction, and not the least interesting time in our visit was that of watching the ring in which the auctioneer officiated. The prices did not reach the enormous figures which they would have done three years ago, but, on the other hand, bidding was keen for animals that had distinguished themselves before the judges. The bidders seemed, as a rule, to select, for example, the excellent boar that had been served by a known and reputable boar, and did not grudge to give money for quality. Although prices did not on any occasion touch a fancy point, they were extremely satisfactory from a commercial point of view. The attitude of buyers was that of men who saw a good business in breeding pigs for the market.

It was a pity that the weather, perfect though it was at the beginning, became the exact opposite towards the end, producing among other things a violent gale that played havoc with the exceptionally fine horticultural show. Again, it was most unlucky that on the day when the prices of admission were lowest, and large parties had calculated on a day of enjoyment, it rained most pitilessly. Nevertheless, visitors kept up their spirits. Never was the Show welcomed more heartily than it was in Leicester. Its success ought to strengthen the hands of those who wish to increase the number of provincial towns at which it may be held. In spite of the rain there was an attendance during the day of 16,862, and it was all the more the pity that visitors were not able to enjoy fully the excellent programme that had been arranged for them. The driving classes were judged in the afternoon, and the Glasgow gold challenge cup of fifty guineas and the first prize were awarded to Mr. Nigel C.

Colman of London with Silhouette of Nork and Lochardil, the winning pair in harness not exceeding 15 hands. In the class for a pair over 15 hands, Mr. W. S. Miller, Bridge of Earn, was first and reserve for the cup with Knight Errant and Knight Templar; Captain Bertram Mills of Little Berkhamsted was second with Edgeware Duke and Edgeware Count, and Mr. Colebrook third with Fulmer Pilgrim and Fulmer Pilot. To Mr. W. S. Miller was also awarded the gold challenge cup of fifty guineas offered by hackney breeders interested in harness. The champion prize offered by the Hackney Horse Society was won by Mr. W. S. Miller's Charm.



G. H. Parsons. MRS. O. AMES' PARK MAYFIRE. Champion Jersey Cow.



RESIDENTIALLY, Twickenham remained as popular during the time that Horace Walpole was altering and occupying Strawberry Hill as it had been earlier in the century. His special lady friends were about him. Lady Diana Beauclerc had a villa there, and Miss Berry was, later on, located close by, a little house belonging to Walpole being, as we shall see, occupied by the sisters. Old Lady Wentworth and her son, Lord Raby, created Earl of Strafford in 1712, had long ago passed away, but the second earl, when not in London or Yorkshire, occupied the place at Twickenham and was one of Horace's friends and correspondents. To him he writes from Arlington Street in September, 1759, that he had just finished his "Holbein Chamber" and begun a "new printing house that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower." This chamber (Fig. 1 and E on plan, Fig. 12) occupies the first floor of the north projection just beyond the front door, and is redolent of Bentley's "best style," he being located, when this work was undertaken, at Teddington conveniently for the joint creation of designs, but, as it was soon to prove, awkwardly near for the invasions of Mrs. Bentley during the visits of

"people of the first fashion." The "Description" tells us of the Holbein Chamber that—

The ceiling is taken from the queen's dressing-room at Windsor. The chimney-piece, designed by Mr. Bentley, is chiefly taken from the tomb of Archibishop Wareham at Canterbury. The pierced arches of the screen from the gates of the choir of Rouen; the rest of the screen was designed by Mr. Bentley.

One derives the impression that there is a great deal of Bentley and very little of Canterbury or of Rouen in either of these typically Strawberry Hill creations. Some attempt was made to furnish mediævally, for there was "a very ancient chair of oak which came out of Glastonbury-abbey." But other pieces, and especially the bed, smack of the taste of the time of Walpole, who tells us that he did not mean to make his house "so Gothic as to exclude convenience and modern refinements," and thus we read:

The bed is of purple cloth lined with white satin, a plume of white and purple feathers on the centre of the tester; the room is hung with purple paper.

In the account-book the purple cloth bed ranks among the most costly articles of furnishing, being set down as "about 90l." For the building of the chamber and of the





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2.—LOOKING WEST DOWN THE GALLERY TO-DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pantry beneath an item of £673 is entered in 1759. The name arose from the inclusion among many pictures, of several by Holbein, as of "a very small head of a man in a round" and "a large drawing of a magnificent chimney-piece." But Walpole considered that the gem in this room was—

A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing Frances, duchess of Suffolk, mother of the lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue.

It was painted in 1559 on a panel 20ins. by 26ins. (Fig. 18) and in 1868 was owned by Mr. C. Wynne Finch, who then lent it to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The gallery was already projected in 1759, as we see from the letter to Lord Strafford, continuing the south side of the old building westward; the round tower lies beyond its west end, and to the north of it are the "Great Bed Chamber" and the "Cabinet or Tribune." But preparation takes a long time, and as late as March, 1761, Walpole speaks of the foundations as still "laying." In the previous summer, however, he had described himself to Mann as "flounced again into building" and tells him—

I shall some time hence trouble you for some patterns of brocadello of two or three colours: it is to furnish a round tower that I am adding, with a gallery to my castle: the quantity I shall want will be pretty large: it is to be a bed chamber entirely hung, bed & eight armchairs; the dimensions thirteen feet high, and twenty two diameter. Your *Bianca Capello* is to be over the chimney. I shall scarce be ready to hang it there two years because I move gently, and never begin till I have the money ready to pay.

Bianca, who, after vicissitudes, became the wife of the Grand Duke Francis of Tuscany, was painted by Vasari, and her portrait was bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence by Horace Mann, who passed it on to Horace Walpole. It was eventually hung in the round room (Fig. 7), which, however, ended by being not a bed chamber but a drawing-room. Nor was Italian brocatelle obtained for it, but it was, like the gallery,



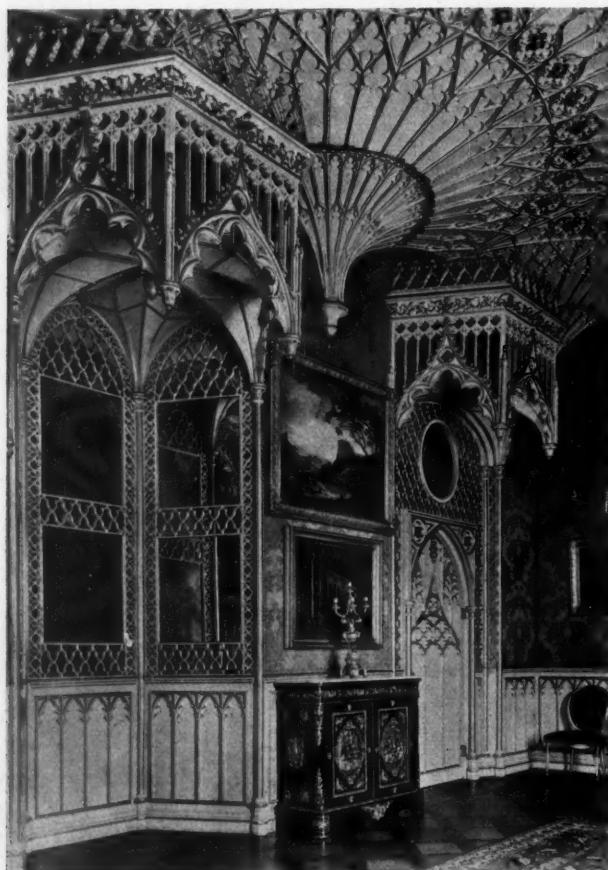
Copyright. 3.—LOOKING WEST DOWN THE GALLERY IN 1784. "C.L."

"hung with crimson Norwich damask." The Gothic features remain as Walpole describes them.

The ceiling is taken from a round window in old Saint Paul's. . . . The surface of the window is taken from the tomb of queen Eleanor in Westminster-abbey.

But there were departures from Gothic besides the Norwich damask walls, for the chimney-piece (Fig. 8), although "taken from the tomb of Edward the Confessor" is so "improved by Mr. Adam" as to have become classic both in general form and in the white marble and scagliola inlay of its substance. It was made by Richter and cost £288 13s. 7½d. The grate is a fine late eighteenth century example, but was not there in Walpole's time, for he tells us "the dogs are silver" and adds:

On the chimney are three large jars and two beakers, of silver also, bought at the auction of lady Eliz. Germaine; on the middle one is the Rape of the Sabines embossed.



4.—THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE GALLERY.



5.—THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE GALLERY.

These appear in the plate of the chimneypiece in the "Description," and resemble those at Knole, where Lady Betty was so much domiciled. Gifts in her lifetime and purchases after her death accounted for various of the Strawberry Hill treasures, such as a terra-cotta figure of Henry VIII by Holbein in the Holbein room.

A lobby lies between the Round Room and the double doors of the gallery (Fig. 5). It must be allowed, as to Strawberry Hill Gothic, that, although it is as trivial in execution as in design, yet it has proved enduring, for if we compare the gallery as it still is (Fig. 2) with what it was in Walpole's time (Fig. 3), we shall find the decorations, as shown in the two illustrations, practically identical. Walpole describes it as—

Fifty six feet long, seventeen high, and thirteen wide without the five recesses. The ceiling is taken from one of the side aisles of Henry VIIth's chapel. In the windows, by Peckitt, are all the quarterings of the family. The great door is copied from the north door of Saint Alban's, and the two smaller are parts of the same design. The side with recesses, which are finished with a gold net-work over looking glass, is taken from the tomb of archbishop Bourchier at Canterbury. The chimneypiece was designed by Mr. John Chute, and Mr. Thomas Pitt of Boconnoch. The room is hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs, fettees, and long stools are of the same, mounted on black and gold frames. The carpet made at Moorfields.

Except for such moveables, it is evident that the gallery is to day what it was in 1784. Plaster imitations of the fan vaulting of the Westminster Chapel had been favoured before Walpole did his gallery, for such is the character of the ceiling of the hall that Bishop Pococke, in 1750, found at Welbeck "now ornamenting in the Gothic manner." The measure of "true Gothic" of the "Strawberry committee" and their pure ignorance of what the Gothic spirit was is well shown by their translation of Archbishop Bourchier's tomb into recesses "finished with a net work over looking glass." It will be observed that a change had been made in the committee. The star of Bentley had faded, owing to Mrs. Bentley's untimely visits, before the gallery was complete, and so his place as pet Gothic designer was handed over to Thomas Pitt, as to whom Walpole writes to Mann in the spring of 1762:

Mr. T. Pitt has taken a small house at Twickenham within a stone's throw of me. This will add to the comfort of my Strawberry tide. He draws Gothic with taste, and is already engaged on the ornaments of my cabinet and gallery.

He was a nephew of the great Lord Chatham and was seated at Boconnoc in Cornwall. He was in Italy in 1760 and "possessed some talent and very elegant acquirements in the arts," in the opinion of Sir Egerton Bridges, although Mrs. Thrale dismisses him as a "finical lady-like man."



6.—THE WALPOLE ARMS OVER THE GALLERY FIREPLACE.



7.—THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.



8.—THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

9.—THE TRIBUNE IN 1784.

"C.L."

This, however, did not prevent his political importance gaining him the barony of Camelford in 1784. The accounts show us that the chairs and stools mentioned in the "Description" were supplied by one Vile or Vial, an upholsterer to whom, for these and other articles, £146 10s. was paid. On the window side the plate (Fig. 3) shows "solid granite" table tops from the Farnese gardens at Rome on frames "black and gold, from a tomb in Westminster-abbey." There are also just visible "two commodes of old Japan with marble slabs," while at the west end of the room the corners are occupied by "coins" also of lacquer. The French had become very clever at introducing portions of Oriental screens into their furniture, and the pieces at Strawberry Hill were supplied by Langlois,

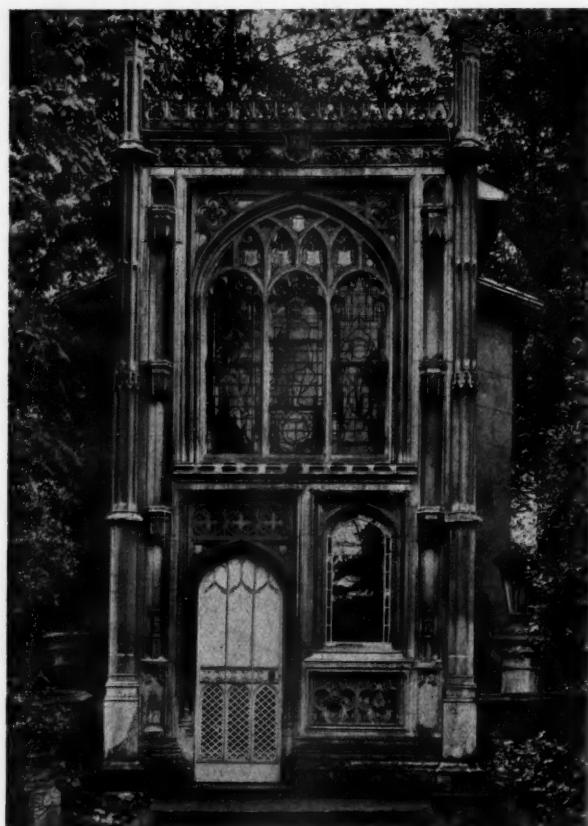


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10.—THE TRIBUNE 'TO-DAY.'

"C.L."

a Frenchman, who will have called a corner piece an *encoignure* rather than a "coin." On one of them stood "three busts," one of them an exquisite little Cicero in marble, "a present from Lady Hervey," better known to us by her maiden name of Mary Lepel, and a print of whom hung in the breakfast room. Sold to a Mr. John Hardwick at the 1842 sale, the bust is now the property of Mr. Walter Brierley of York, who has kindly had it photographed for reproduction (Fig. 17). Despite the "net work over looking glass" recesses, the gallery held very many pictures, among them "an excellent one of Vandick" representing a Lady Exeter of his day, and "the best picture Sir Peter Lely ever painted, and as fine as Vandick's countess of Exeter, before mentioned." It represented Leneve, an alderman of Norwich. Of Walpole's own time and taste will have been Sam Scott's view "of a Gothic farm near Marble-hill belonging to the countess of Suffolk, and designed by Richard Bentley." Ceramics were also well represented. On each of the "commodes of old Japan stood a triangular cistern of Roman fayence" (Fig. 19). From Jervis, the painter, they had passed into the possession of Lord Exeter, who gave them to Walpole. At the 1842 sale these fine examples of Urbino ware were bought by Lady Burdett-Coutts for £84



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11.—THE CHAPEL.

"C.L."

each, and were among her collection sold by Messrs. Christie in 1922.

Behind the gallery, and facing north, the principal rooms were the "Cabinet or Tribune" and the "Great Bed Chamber." The former (Fig. 10) was a triumph of Walpolean Gothic.

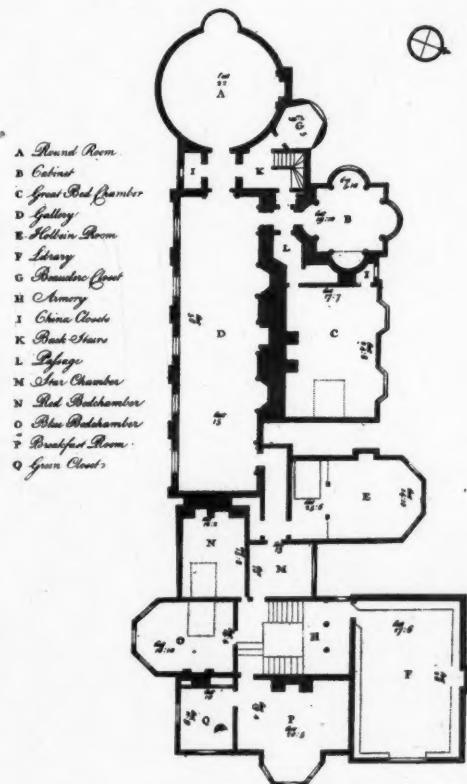
It is a square with a semicircular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at Saint Albans: the roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel.

The "golden gloom" can hardly have been a good light for due appreciation of the infinite number of small works of art—pictures, miniatures, enamels, bronzes and curiosities—which crowded the little room, and the enumeration of which takes up twenty-three pages of the "Description." The miniatures were mostly contained in "a cabinet of rose-wood" designed by Walpole himself. It appears fixed to the wall of one of the recesses in the plate of the room (Fig. 9). It passed into the Donaldson collection and is reproduced (Fig. 14). On the doors are set bas-reliefs in ivory, those of "Herodias with the head of the Baptist" and of "a lady, half length," that Walpole tells us are by Grinling Gibbons, one of whose carvings of a point-lace cravat was in the same room. It was bought at the 1842 sale by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the

illustration of it (Fig. 20) fully reveals the extreme dexterity of handling which made it possible for Walpole, anyhow on one occasion, to wear it, and to say, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," "the art arrives even at deception." Lady Burdett-Coutts also purchased some of the finest of the miniatures that the cabinet contained. Such were the enamel portraits by J. Petitot of Charles I and three of his children (Fig. 16). The Charles I (a), Walpole tells us, he obtained from one of the artist's sons, who died a major-general in the English Service. The Charles II (b) is entered in the "Description" as—

in a case enamelled blue; done abroad: bought of an old gentlewoman to whom he gave it when he stood godfather to her in Holland.

The case or locket has the Royal cypher and crown inside the lid. Like his father, he is represented in armour and a lace collar; while James II (c) has a striped yellow, blue and white coat. The "Description" says that Walpole bought it "at the sale of Mrs. Dunch, daughter of his mistress, Mrs. Godfrey," whose enamel by Petitot was also in the cabinet as well as those of Princess Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (e), of Madame de la Vallière (d), of the Comtesse d'Olonne and several others. Here, too, Isaac Oliver was well represented, but the most remarkable miniatures by him and by Peter Oliver were in the breakfast room, described last week. Those of Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and family were numerous, and among them that of Lady Digby's mother by Isaac Oliver was, in Walpole's



12.—THE FIRST-FLOOR PLAN IN 1784.

opinion, "perhaps the finest and most perfect miniature in the world." It was one of a set of seven:

Wonderfully preserved, though found in a garret in an old house in Wales, belonging to a Mr. Watkin Williams, probably descended from Sir Kenelm, one of whose sons left only two daughters, that were married into Welsh families. The set of pictures, with a few more less fine, cost Mr. Walpole 300 guineas.

Most of them were by Peter Oliver, as also one of Sir Kenelm, his wife and two sons grouped before a building. *Invenit eq. Van Dyck, Limitatus est. P.O.* is written in gold, and Walpole thus describes it as:

After Vandyck; a large miniature in the highest preservation: in an ebony case set with Wedgwood's cameos. On the insides of the doors, two other ladies of the same set.

This (Fig. 15) was among Lady Burdett-Coutts' treasures sold two years ago, as also one of Sir Kenelm and two of Lady Venetiar his wife, all by Peter Oliver.

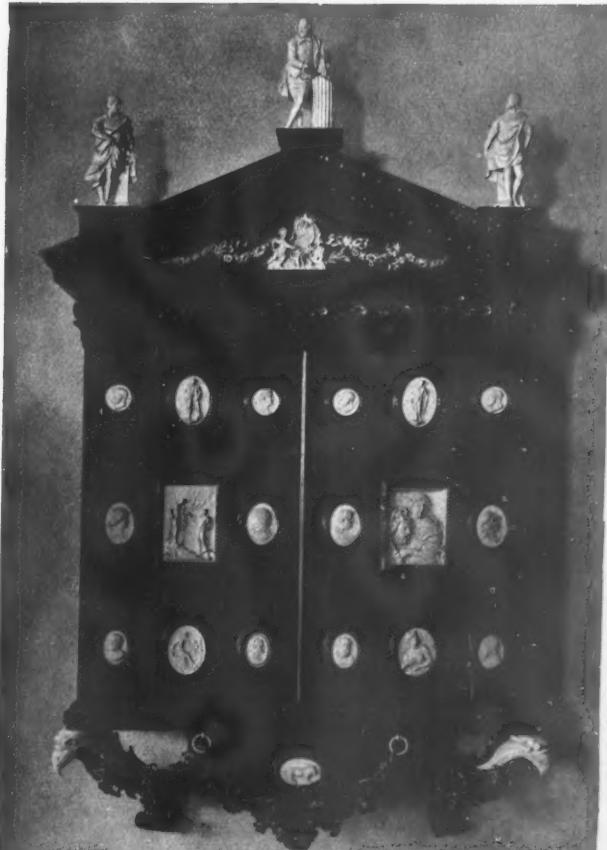
The great bedchamber (c on plan) lay next to the tribune. It had Norwich damask on its walls and a bed hung with—

tapestry of Aubusson, festoons of flowers on a white ground, lined with: crimson silk; plumes of ostrich feathers.

There were many interesting pictures in the room, such as a Van Dyck, a Mytens and a Poussin, "a large picture of Henry VIII



13.—A CABINET, FORMERLY IN THE GREAT BEDCHAMBER.



14.—A ROSEWOOD CABINET DESIGNED BY HORACE WALPOLE. It may be seen hanging on the wall in Fig. 9.

and his children," and Hogarth's "original sketch of the Beggar's Opera."

The chimneypiece "of Portland stone gilt" was designed by Walpole himself, the source of inspiration being, as usual, a

mediæval tomb. But in other respects this chamber appears to have been free of Gothic, for with the very eighteenth century Aubusson bed went a set of similar chairs and a Moorfield's carpet. Here, too, was a Chippendalian cabinet (Fig. 13), thus described:

An ebony cabinet, ornamented with ormolu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas reliefs of Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with strawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and crest. The design of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards, in 1783.

A view of Lady Diana's Twickenham villa by Lysons hung in the Red Bedchamber. Daughter of the Lord Sunderland who inherited Blenheim and the Marlborough Duke-dom, she married the second Lord Bolingbroke in 1757, divorced him in 1768 by Act of



15.—THE DIGBY FAMILY, BY PETER OLIVER.

This large miniature, after Van Dyck, was, with others, in the Breakfast Room.



16.—ENAMEL PORTRAITS BY J. PETITOT.

(a) Charles I. (b) Charles II. (c) James II. (d) Mme de la Vallière. (e) Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. They were kept, with others, in the cabinet in the Tribune.



17.—ANTIQUE MARBLE BUST OF CICERO.

It may be detected on the left-hand corner cupboard in Fig. 3.

Parliament and two days later married Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk, who died four years later. It was then that she came to "Spencer Grove" in Twickenham, where she produced paintings which the impressionable Horace Walpole classed with the productions of the greatest Masters. The first-floor room of the little tower which he erected in 1776 between the large tower and the Tribune was called the "Beauclerc Closet," being "built on purpose to receive seven incomparable drawings of Lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother*." After a full use of such adjectives as "masterly" and "inimitable" Walpole adds:

These sublime drawings, the first histories she ever

attempted were all conceived and executed in a fortnight. In the room was a writing table from Henry Clay's Birmingham papier mâché factory, and in one of the drawers Walpole kept a copy of his Tragedy "to explain the drawings, bound in blue leather and gilt."

The chapel, which Walpole mentioned to Mann that he was "flounced into building" at the same time as the gallery and round tower, is no part of the house, but stands isolated "in the southwest corner of the wood," where quite a different structure had been intended, for the "Description" tells us that among the Green Closet pictures was—

A Chine building, designed and drawn by Mr. Bentley for the corner of the wood at Strawberry-hill, where the chapel now stands; in India ink. The elevation of the chapel (Fig. 11) is much as Walpole described it:

Built of brick, with a beautiful front of Portland stone, executed by Mr. Gayfer of Westminster, and taken from the tomb of Edmund Audley bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral.

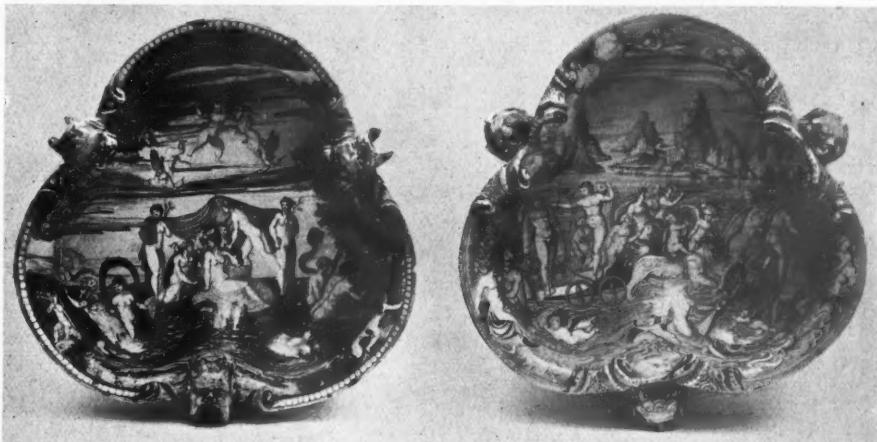
But the interior is stripped of its motley contents, which ranged from a Bentley "Gothic bench" to a marble alto-relievo by Donatello, given by Horace Mann. In the window were "original portraits of Henry III and his queen in painted glass, given by Lord Ashburnham," and facing the entrance a crucifix of mother-o'-pearl and "a magnificent shrine of mosaic, three stories high," as to which a note tells us: "it was repaired, and the parts supplied by Richter, who made the chimney-piece in the round room." Whether Bentley contrived the sadly characteristic front of the chapel before the rupture of 1761 does not appear, but we are told that "the roof was designed by Mr. Chute."

No date for the chapel is given in the "Description," but in the accounts we find that in 1762 £1,241 8s. was paid for "the gallery, cloyster, oratory, etc.," and in 1764 £1,415 6s. 6d. for "finishing the Gallery, Cabinet & passage to Gallery." Allusions to the work in progress appear in the letters. Walpole does not go to Strawberry Hill in the April of 1762 because "they are laying floors which is very noisy." In the following July he tells Mann:

I am in distress about my gallery and cabinet; the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised.



18.—THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK AND ADRIAN STOKES, HER SECOND HUSBAND.  
Painted by Van de Heere in 1559, it hung in the Holbein Chamber.



19.—TWO URBINO CISTERNS.  
A present from the Earl of Exeter, they stood on the commodes between the gallery windows.



20.—A POINT LACE CRAVAT, BY GRINLING GIBBONS.  
It was one of the numerous objects in the Tribune.

21.—A CARVED IVORY CUP.  
It is mounted in silver, and the Walpole crest forms the knob of the cover. At the 1842 sale it was bought by Lord Derby, and is now at Knowsley.

This he admits is only fair. The peace following the Seven Years' War brought with it, as we know so well of the peace of 1718, a rapid rise in prices. The masters were all charging more, and the men "claim a share." But Walpole's income was more or less stationary, and so he declares he "must build now out of economy; in two years it will be too dear." The shavings which these eighteenth century trades unionists left about nearly made an end of the house. The unfinished chimney in the gallery was full of them. A huge fire being lit in the servants' hall below, the chimney caught alight, and Walpole writes to Conway in September that "prompt measures" alone prevented a general conflagration.

However, despite accidents and delays, all was complete in the summer of 1764, and there were great doings, such as a reception of the ambassadors of Spain and France and other distinguished guests.

The refectory was never so crowded. Nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed everything succeeded to a hair . . . after coffee I treated them with an English and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace.

Elegance then permitted, indeed favoured, this particular pastoral emotion, as we see in the picture of the Russell family and its cow thus mutually employed, which always had been, and still is, at Chequers. To the French Ambassador it was at this time as new—and perhaps as singular—as the Gothic which he so politely "comprehended." But twenty years later Marie Antoinette had her Swiss farm at Versailles and played the farmeress with her duchesses.

Works of a subsidiary and completing kind continued until 1773, when the total cost had reached £14,945 16s. 2½d., and we find the entry in the accounts, "gave Mr. Robinson the Architect on finishing my house £200."

But, of course, there were always additions and improvements to be made, such as the "Beaucherc tower," already mentioned, for which the sum of £225 14s. 11½d. was paid in 1777, Essex acting as architect. There were further purchases of land, there was the building of new offices in 1790 and of a new kitchen garden wall two years later. Thus when, in 1795, Walpole, now fourth Earl of Orford, sets down the last items of expenditure, in a hand much crabbed by gout and age, the total amounts to £20,720 10s. 1½d.

That was some while after he had taken his dear friends the Berrys as tenants and neighbours. Mr. Berry with his daughters, Mary and Agnes, had returned from an Italian tour—in the course of which Mary had begun her "journals"—in 1785, and three years later they met Horace Walpole. The septuagenarian soon discovered that Mary was an "angel both inside and out," that Agnes was nearly as perfect, and that he was in love with them both. He would call them his "twin wives," begin his letters "Dear Both" and sign them "Horace Fondlewives." In 1789 he got them a house at Teddington, but soon after there fell vacant a little house on his Strawberry Hill property of which Mrs. Clive had long been tenant, so that,

as early as 1754, we find him writing to Bentley that he "had been planting at Mrs. Clives." So, instead of Little Strawberry Hill, we find him dubbing it Cliveden; and the Berrys being again in Italy in 1790, he sends them word in the December of that year that "Cliveden was secured to you and your sister in form." During nine months of the following year he is altering and improving the place and longing for the time when he will instal the travellers therein. That happens in November, and we hear nothing more of it in his letters until 1795, when, in the absence of the occupants at Bath, he is adding two rooms. When he died two years later he left £4,000 to each sister and also Little Strawberry Hill. Mary thereupon published, under her father's name, her aged friend and admirer's collected works in five quarto volumes. The second includes the "Description" from which we have learnt so much of Strawberry Hill, which he left to his cousin Mrs. Damer, the only child of General Conway. He had admired her as a sculptor with the same enthusiasm that he had lavished on Lady Diana as a painter. Houghton and his inherited acres were settled on his sister's descendants, the Cholmondeleys. But to Mrs. Damer he bequeathed his beloved castle with its contents and with £2,000 a year for its due maintenance, but with provision that, if and when she might desire to abandon it, it should pass to his other relatives, the Waldegraves. His niece, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, had first married the second Earl Waldegrave and by him had the three daughters of the well known painting by Reynolds which hung in the Strawberry Hill Refectory, and which is now on exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries (it was reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE last week on page 40). The eldest daughter married her cousin, the 4th earl, whose younger son, the 6th earl, acquired Strawberry Hill from Mrs. Damer in 1811. He died in 1835, and his successor, the 7th peer, finding no use for it, determined, in 1842, as we have seen, to sell all its contents. Four years later, at the age of thirty, he died, leaving to his widow, the daughter of Braham, the singer, much property, including the Twickenham villa. As she shortly afterwards married Mr. Vernon Harcourt of Nuneham Courtney, Strawberry remained a superfluity. But when she was again a widow, in 1861, it became her country house. She removed stables and offices that stood south of the round tower and built on the site a new wing. The old house, however, she maintained as nearly as possible as Walpole had left it, getting back good number of its former treasures. Here and in London she entertained as a leading Liberal hostess after her marriage, in 1863, with Mr. Chichester Fortescue, the Gladstonian statesman, afterwards Lord Carlingford. Thus did the "castle" blossom forth into a sort of Indian summer, and was talked about only in less degree than when Horace Walpole's friends flocked there to admire the newest Gothic triumph of a Bentley, a Chute or a Pitt, and to handle the latest addition to the motley collection of objects of art and virtue. To-day its sphere is more modest. It is no longer a place for elegant idleness, but for useful labour, for it has been acquired for the purposes of a Roman Catholic training college.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## WIMBLEDON: THE LADIES' BATTLES

**W**RITING on the Sunday after the first week of Wimbledon, I permitted myself in the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE to suggest that the Wimbledon galleries were beginning to regard Mlle. Lenglen as a constitutional queen; they saw to it that they were there at her receptions, but her title was too secure for her to be the subject of discussion that she had been in previous years. Since she had been Champion, I proceeded to muse, she had provided everything except the fight that had been promised on her behalf, and I referred to the wish to see her extended and the improbability of its being gratified. Very different is the summary of the second week. Never has the French lady been so much discussed. She has provided that fight; and in almost losing it she—paradoxical as it may seem—has increased her reputation as a player. There was never any denying her technical gifts; but there were people who—on grounds best known to themselves—maintained that her reputation was too heavy a handicap for her nerves; that if an opponent could succeed in winning one set out of the first two, Mlle. Lenglen would be unable to do herself justice in the third from fear of defeat. Then, on the second Monday, came her match with Miss Ryan. The two had met often before; and there was no reason for the spectator to expect that this encounter would not end, like all the others, in the conclusive victory of the five years Champion. It was known, it is true, that Mlle. Lenglen had been ill in the spring; but as she had passed through her three previous rounds without the loss of a single game, it was to be assumed that she was once more in good health. Later,

one remembered that a match won in twelve games is a proof of technical skill but not of physical stamina. The match began; for the first four games it took its normal course—that is to say, Mlle. Lenglen won them. Miss Ryan was playing well; she took all things takeable and some others, and one reflected what hard lines it was for her always to have this insuperable barrier between her and the Championship. She won the fifth game; one was glad that she was spared a love set, but a little sorry that the French lady should lose a game after winning forty in succession. Miss Ryan won the next also, but as the seventh and eighth completed her opponent's set, nothing significant had happened. It was in the second set that the thrills began, and they were cumulative. We all know now that Mlle. Lenglen ought not to have been playing, but we did not know it at the time, and we had to seek some other explanation than physical unfitness. Miss Ryan went off with a lead; this did not mean very much, for the Champion with something in hand has yielded a few games before to an opponent who is taking all the risks; she knows that spurts die away. But there was something queer; Miss Ryan was not winning by taking exceptional risks, but by playing her own best game; it was good enough, apparently, to win her the set that Mlle. Lenglen had not lost at Wimbledon since she became Champion. This was the first thrill. But then Miss Ryan made a few mistakes, and there was the Champion ahead 5—4; of course! One had hardly done saying "I told you so" when the incredible happened; Miss Ryan began to treat the Champion as the Champion has treated countless others; she ran her about, she passed her and she won the set—won it

as if she were beating a defensive player who could not match her range of stroke. The next half-hour was the tensest passed at Wimbledon since the Ladies' Challenge Round of 1919. Something had happened to the Champion; she was inhibited. She plays with so "straight a bat" that the ball when she reaches it must start in the right direction; but it edged away from it, and the pace—where was the pace? If there is one thing certain at Wimbledon it is that if her opponent exposes her backhand corner while hitting short from the outside corner of the right service court the rally is over; but Miss Ryan did this more than once and escaped with a short drive which she reached without difficulty. The match was no longer between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan, but between Mlle. Lenglen's tenacious spirit and her failing body. The first forced the second to win. She proved that she was something far greater than a mistress of strokes and tactics. But after that the Ladies' Championship was open. It was announced that she had withdrawn from the Mixed Doubles to save her strength; and, as she was playing, Miss McKane might succeed where Miss Ryan had just failed; and, besides, Miss Wills, who had had a bad start, was coming up fast on the outside of the course. That was the chief subject of discussion at Wimbledon the following afternoon, although it was the afternoon on which Mr. Richards—probably the favourite for the Men's Championship—had gone down to M. Borotra. But at night the excitement extended beyond Wimbledon. All the telephone lines in Fleet Street were concerned with but one great subject. M. Poincaré was left in his retirement; a steer might have broken five legs without getting one sympathetic paragraph; even murderers ceased to be objects of solicitude. What we wanted to know was, "Was it true?" "What true?" "That Mlle. Lenglen has retired." "She has scratched in the Mixed; it is among the results." "Mixed! (Here comes a noise that justifies the use of 'Faugh!' in novels.) The *Singles*!" "No!" "Yes!" . . . "They could not have invented a thing like that . . ." And they hadn't. The news was confirmed the following afternoon. It has been said of Mlle. Lenglen that she could not only fill the Centre Court; she could empty it—by playing outside. And in the same way she is, if possible, more discussed when she does not play than when she does. Great as the disappointment was, many of us must have been glad that she did retire. The official intimation that she had withdrawn under imperative orders from her doctor was not required by those who have delighted in her game these six years past to convince them that she was not fit to play a hard match; and it would have been painful to have seen her title wrested



M. JEAN BOROTRA.  
Champion of France and of England.

from her when she was not in the health to defend it. If, as we all hope, she comes back to Wimbledon next year her buoyant self, she will start a firmer favourite than ever; for she has established her capacity to win by courage and strength of will.

But her withdrawal made a sad mess of the Ladies' Championships. It meant the withdrawal from the Mixed of herself and her partner, M. Borotra—who was to be Champion. It meant that she and Miss Ryan had to resign the Championship in the Ladies' Doubles which they have held for five years. It was doubly hard on Miss Ryan, whose game against her in her last match was—to put it at its lowest—at least as good as any game played by any other lady. It was impossible to reinstate Miss Ryan in the Singles in the place of her conqueror, but if it had been she might well have been Champion now. But in retiring Mlle. Lenglen bequeathed to Wimbledon one of the most dramatic matches in its history. We were not expecting a close-fought final, but an exhibition of mastery from the Champion. We got a match of which the second part was watched with the same silent tension as the second half of Miss Ryan's bid for the Championship, and there was this difference—the sympathies of the gallery were deeply involved; they, naturally, wanted their own side to win. Miss McKane's speed and dash and temperament endear her to the crowd, but she would have had their goodwill in an International match if she had lacked those qualities. As for Miss Wills, she has established her personality in favour the more firmly that she has made not the slightest attempt to draw attention to it. She has attended to the business in hand, taken good fortune and bad with the same serenity, and given of her best in every match; but we could not wish her success in this particular match. It would be nice to win a Singles Championship again after all these years; and it was for Miss McKane to do it for us. No one knew if she would. In the match between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan the capacity of the two players was known. No one knew what Miss Wills could do in England. She had beaten Miss McKane in America and been beaten by her in England. Miss Wills had improved since she was beaten by Miss McKane in the Ladies' International match with a big margin, but she had not been severely tried in her intervening matches. Miss McKane did lead our emotions a dance. She lost the first game—a pity, but not significant. Then she won three games without losing a point. Then she lost three, and we got a little cross with her—to pardon her when she made it four all after being 0—40 to the bad. We still hoped stubbornly



MISS HELEN WILLS.  
Who won the Ladies' Doubles for America with Mrs. Wightman.



M. LACOSTE.  
Who lost a great match to M. Borotra in the final.

after Miss Wills had won the next two games and with them the first set—but not for long. Miss Wills went smoothly and inevitably to 4—1, and it seemed of little consequence when she lost the next after being game-ball at least twice. Gradually one realised that Miss McKane was winning the set—and then

why not the third after all? Miss McKane was behind at 3—2, she got in front at 4—3 and held her lead to 6—4 with every point fought for. It was because of these two nerve-racking matches that one will remember the second week of Wimbledon for the Ladies' battles.

E.E.M.

## A STUDY OF CRICKET.—V

BY E. H. D. SEWELL.

**I**N case I have not made quite clear what I mean by an "edgewise" action, I now call in to my aid two photographs which I took of two Etonians, G. O. Allen and Lord Dunglass. Dealing first with the lesser known bowler from the "best of schools," I was so struck with the finish of his delivery that I secured the accompanying photograph in preference to others I might have obtained. The fault here is that the bowling foot was not thrown across enough, after the manner of inimitable Jack Hearne (not Young Jack) who, just before delivery, had his fully expanded chest square to mid-on and his left foot pointing, as it touched ground, almost straight at the square-leg umpire. In spite of his "wide" footwork, Dunglass's action was practically perfect. His finish, showing a strong follow-through obviously productive of snap, is full of life and attack, the apparent crouch being a fault on the right side, for it is due to too much, rather than too little, right shoulder and twist from the hips in the delivery. Barnes has this apparent falling-over finish, as anybody can see if he turns up page 137 of my book, "Triangular Cricket." Opposite this page is a telescopic-lens photograph of Barnes bowling in the eighth Test of the Triangular Tournament. So much has he fallen over with the impetus of his stinging finish that his head is actually just lower than the shoulder of G. A. Faulkner (the batsman at his end), and the great South African is a man of not more than 5ft. 9ins. in height. Thus, a fall or crouch at the finish is clearly not necessarily a fault, any more than it is a bad fault if a bowler does not keep his bowling hand high. This is not the same thing as to say that a high action is not necessary. It is very necessary; but I have seen some very deadly bowling with a low delivery, such as, for instance, that of Rushby, the best fast medium right-hander Surrey have had since the great and smashing days of Richardson and Lockwood—and if the length and spin and head are there, a few inches more or less in the height of the hand as it comes over does not really matter. Length and spin and the brain to control them are far more important than a high delivery. Dunglass's delivery was high enough, and to me it seems a great pity that this extremely likely young bowler does not appear either to have persevered with the game or to have been persevered with.

G. O. Allen is already famous in Cambridge and Middlesex cricket song and story, and, being only twenty-one years of age, has scarcely begun to know what first-class cricket is. His success as a bowler has been largely due to a good action—and how few Australians have bad deliveries—which, as here shown, means that he gets as much out of his lack of inches as he may reasonably be expected to do. The illustration shows his bowling hand just after it has begun to rise from its farthest backward position, while the length of his stride means that

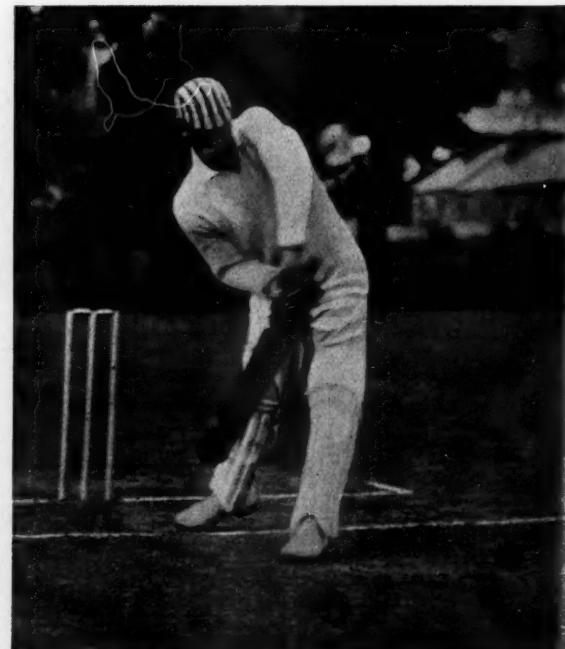
all his weight is put into the propulsion of the ball. That is the ideal every young fast bowler must strive for, and must attain if he wants to succeed. Allen's delivery reminds me of that of the late Schofield Haigh of Yorkshire, who was, perhaps, the greatest hitter of the stumps ever seen. "Schofe" had an enormous final stride. He was, inch for inch, about Allen's height, and his "yorker" was certainly faster than anything the Etonian has yet bowled. But Allen has yet to get to his full strength, and he will do well to curb his desire for extra pace by securing it the best way; there is just a danger that the slight alteration in his act of delivery when getting in that extra-fast ball may develop into a faulty habit and mar his progress. Another danger in his case is that he may make too many runs. I am assuming he is to play regularly. Fortunately, he has the physique to stand the wear and tear, against which only men of sturdiness with strong hips can last successfully. I commend a long and careful study of these two Etonians' photographs to the learners among my readers, and hope that every cricketing father who comes across these lines will do his duty.

As evidence of the faith that is in me concerning the future and of my belief that we have some youngsters who will replace the Old Guard in due course, I give here two more illustrations of comparatively unknown players—P. H. Stewart-Brown and R. H. Baucher, Harrovians both. It is not easy to fault either of the strokes here shown, totally different though they are: Baucher is playing a thought too soon at a ball on his leg stump, which has not pitched; but his style denotes complete bat-control. That ball is going to be played right enough, and it is going to be played with the full face of the bat. We feel this as we gaze at the photograph. Foot and arm work are all they should be. So many schoolboys (and not a few men) are so at sea with the leg-stump ball that it is well to see the "way it is done," and here, as in the illustrations of Stewart-Brown, every boy has a fair and square chance of proving that the reputation of youth for the possession of powers of imitation is justified. I have never, though I have taken some hundreds of photographs of schoolboy cricketers, seen such a perfect finish of an off-drive (this was not what is known as the Harrow drive) as that by Stewart-Brown here shown. Naturally, I did not station the camera and myself between wicket and wicket when taking this photograph! Consequently, taken from slightly on the on side, the resultant impression is that the ball was a very wide one on the off side. The uprightness of the figure, however, dispels that impression. In fact, the ball was just the "jammy" half-volley outside the off-stump which batsmen see and feel in their dreams and overworked



THE LEFT-HANDER'S STROKE.

A. P. F. Chapman. The greatest amateur left-hander, a strong back player.



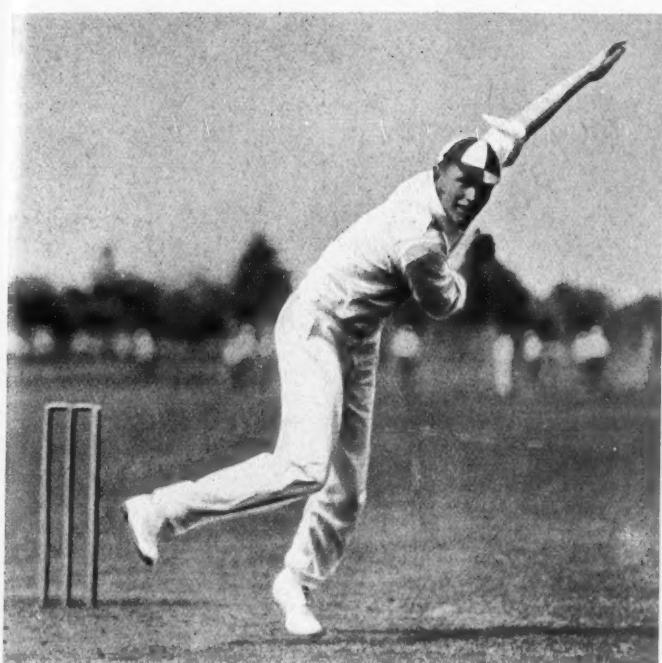
HOW TO DEFEAT THE LEG-STUMP BALL.

R. H. Baucher. A slightly "too-soon," but otherwise ideal, stroke for this ball.

July 12th, 1924.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

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A VERY WORKMANLIKE FINISH.

Lord Dunglass of the Eton XI, 1922. He was then a promising medium-paced bowler.

cricket authors dilate upon. Let every one of my youthful readers practise the follow-through of Stewart-Brown—and I could easily jot down a list of aspiring people who disport themselves annually in first-class cricket who might seek to copy it without disadvantage to those elevens which might almost be regarded as complete without them.

For the ideal to be aimed at in forward play, V. W. C. Jupp, late of Sussex and England and now of Northants, provided me with as good an illustration as a camera not provided with a telescopic lens and held rather near the danger zone is ever likely to obtain. Incidentally, this illustration provides rather an uncomfortable commentary upon that worn-out phrase which we read year after year whenever Brown, Jones or Robinson (with apologies to the members of those famous families) makes a good score and which runs "he watched the ball well on to his bat," and so on. Now, no batsman's eye has ever watched the ball on to the bat. In the course of taking many hundreds of "shots" with a focal-plane I have come across but one player—and he is L. P. Hedges (Tonbridge, Oxford University and Kent)—who very nearly succeeded, quite unconsciously, in achieving the impossible. Somewhere in my archives there is a photograph

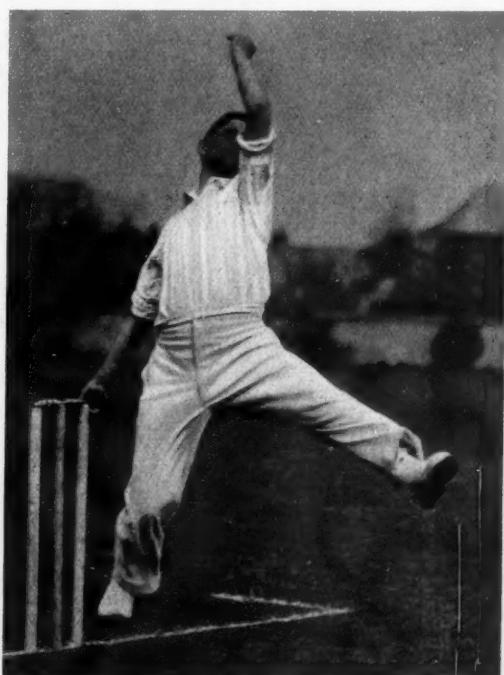


THE COVER-DRIVE.

V. W. C. Jupp (Sussex, Northants and England) playing the cover-drive in the proper way.

of him cutting square, and his eyes are almost "on" the ball. A glance at Jupp's photograph suffices to show that, as I have found in other cases, a batsman, instantly after deciding on and making his stroke, either looks where he is going to hit the ball to, or is looking where the ball was and not where it is. Watching the ball "on to the bat" is a mere figure of speech which has no basis in fact. The camera, which sees lots of things that the human eye cannot hope to, tells us that.

A friend once remarked to me that it must be very interesting taking these photographs. My affirmative reply was a qualified one. My shins, if they could speak, would provide evidence that it is something more than an interesting pursuit. The nearest escape my lens had was when I had set the stage for a photograph of a late cut. Not knowing my man, I had not, perhaps, emphasised sufficiently the necessity for him to play a cut, and only a cut, whatever the ball happened to be. In my usual confiding manner I took up my position not five yards from my victim and just on the line, though much closer, on which silly-point is wont to stand when the wicket is a glue-pot and he knows his bowler. All went well until my chosen bowler of "a fast short ball about a foot off the wicket" did his share of the act. He chose this moment to bowl a perfect specimen of a half-volley just off the off stump. My victim may or may not have known the difference between a late cut and an off-drive or a leg-glance. He may, on the other hand, have desired to put an end to this confounded photography—or to me. Anyway, he struck for home and glory, the sort of stroke the papers refer to as "Johnson then opened his shoulders." But, as other batsmen have done before, he missed the ball! That was the most awful moment of my life when in the company of my focal plane. Had he struck true I should have given up the pursuit of photography sooner than intended. Action photography is not all a case of "you press the button, we do the rest."



A GOOD ATTACKING STYLE.

G. O. Allen (Eton, Cambridge and Middlesex) recalls the great Yorkshireman, Schofield Haigh.



THE PERFECT FINISH OF THE COVER-DRIVE.

P. H. Stewart-Brown.

## FLOWERING SHRUBS for LATE SUMMER

In the great family of hardy shrubs a representative collection will have at least a few in flower during every month of the year. It is in spring and early summer, however, during April, May and June, that at least 75 per cent. of our best hardy shrubs flower. This is the London season when very many families are at the town house while others may be away on the Continent or elsewhere. July, August and September are the months when country houses are to a considerable extent occupied by the owners. There is room for much better judgment in the choice of shrubs grown in public parks and gardens at our popular pleasure resorts, for it is during late summer and early autumn that they attract the greatest numbers of visitors.

There is this to be said in regard to the subject, that during the period under review the majority of hardy perennials, annuals and tender bedding plants attain their greatest beauty. These, however, lack the permanent or woody nature of shrubs which provide, as it were, a setting, shelter or framework for the wealth and variety of herbaceous flowers, using the term in its widest meaning.

In recent years more attention has been given to shrubs which flower in late summer, the varieties of *Buddleia variabilis* and *Hibiscus syriacus* and the garden varieties of late-flowering *cananthus* being notable examples.

Turning to individual genera, it will, perhaps, be best to pass them in review, taking the families concerned in alphabetical order.

*Amorpha canescens*, the "lead" plant, is a good subject for sunny positions in dry soils. It grows 2ft. to 4ft. high with pinnate leaves and spikes of purplish violet flowers from July to September.

The varieties of *Buddleia variabilis* are worthy of a place in the best half dozen tall flowering shrubs. Growing up to a height of 12ft. or more, they are particularly valuable shrubs for town gardens. The flowers vary from mauve or lilac to purple, often with a yellow eye. They are closely borne on long slender inflorescences, bees being partial to the faintly fragrant blossoms. Some of the best forms have been named: e.g., *amplissima*, *magnifica*, *Mauve Queen*, *nanhoensis*, *superba* and *Veitchiana*. These are readily increased by cuttings. Seeds also provide a rapid method of propagation, giving also a variety of good forms. The soil for *buddleias* should be deeply dug and well manured previous to planting.

For massing in lime-free soils where dwarf shrubs are required the varieties of the ling, *Calluna vulgaris*, provide effective masses of colour from July onwards. Two of the strongest growing are *Alportii*, crimson, and *Serlei*, white. The named varieties of *ceanothus* which give us such a wealth of colour in sunny positions from July onwards are mostly hybrids, as the names suggest, of Continental origin. A useful half-dozen are *Ceres*, pinkish mauve; *Gloire de Plantières*, deep blue; *Gloire de Versailles*, deep lavender; *Indigo*, indigo blue; *Marie Simon*, pink; and *Perle Rose*, pale rose. *Clerodendrons* *Fargesii* and *trichotomum* are two tall-growing shrubs up to 10ft. or 12ft. high for well drained warm soils. The clusters of white flowers are freely produced in August, being closely followed by even more interesting and

showy fruits; those of *Fargesii* are porcelain blue and *trichotomum* rich blue, darkening with age. The *clethras* or pepper bushes give us a wealth of fragrant white flowers in August. The bushes average from 5ft. to 7ft. or 8ft. high and throw up suckers freely. *C. alnifolia* is the common pepper bush. *CC. canescens*, *paniculata*, *tomentosa* and the new Chinese *Delavayi* are worthy of



CEANOTHUS GLOIRE DE VERSAILLES.

note. The best of the *cytisus* (broom) family for July flowering is *nigricans*, a bushy shrub 4ft. or 5ft. high with yellow blossoms.

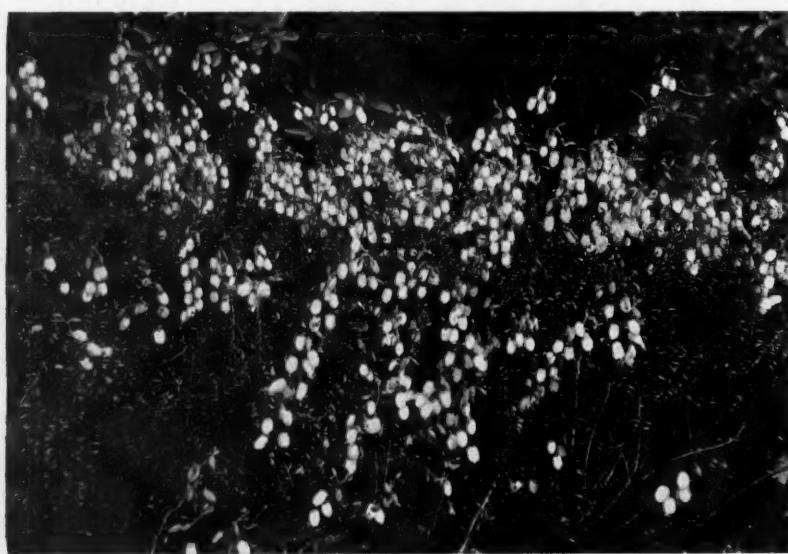
Large patches of the Irish heath *Daböcia polifolia* are attractive from midsummer to September. In addition to the rosy purple and pure white forms there are varieties with dark red-purple blossoms with very dark foliage and bicolor, white and purple. The average height is 1½ft. to 2ft. The best of the late summer and autumn-flowering heaths (ericas) are *EE. ciliaris* and var. *Mawiana*, with larger flowers, *cinerea*, *Mackaii*, *Tetralix*, *vagans* and vars. *alba*, *grandiflora* and *rubra*, with *keverensis* a very free-flowering dwarf heath found at St. Keverne in Cornwall, with rosy pink blossoms.

Among taller growing evergreen shrubs the *escallonia*s are, perhaps, the most valuable of all in the south and west. In the London district and farther north they are usually given the protection of a wall, or planted in very sheltered positions. For several years now we have not experienced long spells of hard frosts, with the result that quite large bushes of *escallonia*s are becoming established in the open in some gardens where they were previously cultivated with uncertainty. In the southwest beautiful hedges of *escallonia*s are frequently met with. Where each has some distinctive value it is difficult to select the best half dozen. *EE. Balfouri*, *Donard Seedling*, *exoniensis*, *Ingrami*, *langleyensis* and *Philippiana* are among the hardiest.

*Eucryphia pinnatifolia* is one of our most distinct and beautiful exotic shrubs flowering during July and August. A native of Chili, select positions, when planting, with some shelter from the midday sun. Growing eventually into a tall shapely bush, the pinnate leaves and large white blossoms, with central clusters of stamens, are seen to the best advantage as isolated specimens, associated with other shrubs as a groundwork. Seed, though a rather slow process, is the best means of increase.

*Fuchsias* provide an abundance of colour from early July onwards. In the milder parts of the country hedges and bushes 10ft. or more in height are frequent. Elsewhere, even if cut to the ground in winter, vigorous young shoots of the following sorts and others can usually be relied on to make a good show: *conica*, *corallina*, *macrostemma* (*gracilis*), *Mme. Cornellison* and *Riccartoni*.

The Mount Etna broom, *Genista aetnensis*, is a loose-habited shrub up to 15ft. or more in height, and produces a wealth of yellow blossoms during July and early August in light, well drained soils. The varieties of *Hibiscus syriacus* give us a wealth of colour in warm positions during late August and September. Six good sorts are, single: *cœleste*,



THE IRISH HEATH, DABÖCIA POLIFOLIA.

rich sky blue, Hamabo, blush white, maroon base, totus albus, white; double: Admiral Dewey, white; coeruleus plenus, and Duchess de Brabant, puce.

The best hydrangeas to flower in the open during August are HH. paniculata, the var. grandiflora, and arborescens var. grandiflora. All three have white flowers. The varieties of hydrangea hortensis are among the most popular shrubs in the south and west, but in London they are only happy in sheltered borders—the foot of a sunny south or south-west wall, for example. The yellow flowers of the hypericums last from mid-summer to September. A selection of the most showy should include HH. calycinum, Henryi and Moserianum.

The hardiest of the New Zealand daisy bushes is Olearia Haastii, which in August each year is covered with daisy-like white flowers. In sunny positions Perovskia atriplicifolia, 4ft. or 5ft. high, is a distinct, upright-growing shrub with grey green leaves and terminal panicles of lavender-blue flowers. The shrubby cinquefoil, Potentilla fruticosa and its numerous varieties, commence to flower about midsummer and continue well into the autumn. Farrer's No. 188 is a dwarf free-flowering rich yellow variety; Veitchii, white, and Vilmoriniana, silvery foliage and creamy white flowers deserve special mention.

Two double-flowered brambles—Rubus thyrsoideus flore pleno, white, and ulmifolius var. bellidiflorus, pink—thrive in poor soils, being particularly useful on sloping banks. They flower freely in July and August, even if partially shaded. The Spanish broom, Spartium junceum, is a valuable plant for town gardens and hot, dry banks. Readily raised from seeds, the spartium is loose in habit, 8ft. to 10ft. or more in height, with quantities of rich yellow, pea-shaped flowers from early July to September.

The summer and autumn flowering spiræas are very numerous and variable in habit. They are sufficiently showy and distinct to devote a border or large bed to their culture. The best results are obtained by fairly hard pruning and thinning of the growths in early spring, as this section of spiræas flowers on the young wood. The following are of special merit: SS. Aitchisoni, discolor, Douglasii, japonica and varieties, especially Anthony Waterer, Margarita, Menziesii var. triumphans and the varieties of salicifolia.

Among many shrubby speedwells which thrive so well in the south and west the most useful and hardiest for London gardens is Veronica Traversii, an evergreen bush covered with white flowers during July. The autumn-flowering tamarisk, Tamarix pentandra (syn. Pallasi var. rosea), is an indispensable



SPIRÆA DISCOLOR.

shrub for light soils and maritime districts; planted in groups, the elegant soft rose plume-like inflorescences are most effective.

A. O.

## HOUSE OF AIRLIE

THE REV. WILLIAM WILSON, Minister of Airlie and author of the History of Airlie Parish, has written a brave book about the bonny House of Airlie, renowned in a ballad that once was familiar over the length and breadth of the land. It is a pathetic ballad, though the learned historian slightly refers to its value as documentary evidence. "The truth is," he says, "that the author, as is not uncommon with poets who are more concerned about the rhythm of their verse than of the correct statement of historic facts, has made free use of his liberty." It is a sentence that Dr. Dry-as-Dust might have fathered. We may cheerfully grant that the ancient ballad-maker was thinking more of his song than of accuracy, but it provides the atmosphere without which the history of the time cannot be rightly apprehended. The great dispute that occurred between Argyll and Airlie rose out of the commission by fire and sword that was granted to the Earl of Argyll to subdue and root out such enemies of the Covenant as the Earl of Airlie. Argyll had a ruthlessness that might have belonged to the great enemy in our own dreadful war. He knew that the head of the house was seeking for reinforcements to defend it, and came down by the back of Dunkeld to carry out his plundering design on a place defended by women and children. There was nothing for it but surrender, and the only condition made by the lady was that he would lead her down to the glen, "That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie." The last verses describe his deception and the tragedy it led to, in the direct unlaboured style of the true ballad-maker:

He has ta'en her by the trembling haun,  
But he's no ta'en her fairly,  
For he's led her up to a hie hill tap,  
Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie  
Soon left the wa's but barely,  
And she's laid her doon on that hill to dee,  
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Probably ninety-nine out of a hundred readers will think of this ballad when they see the title of the book, but this is only

one incident in a record that extends from the time when the Mormaers, the ancestors of the family, came over from Normandy and settled in the north of Scotland. The earldom of Angus, with which they were closely associated, was created by Malcolm Caenmor in 1061. From that time onwards there is no stirring event in northern history in which an Ogilvy does not figure. It cannot be expected that in the course of a thousand years every member of the family was equally brave and faithful or that only heroes came from it, but we know of no other which produced so many lovable and splendid men and women. Some of them, at any rate, had a considerable sense of humour, and nearly all were as gallant in the field as they were in their lady's bower. Perhaps the most notable was David, Lord Ogilvy of Airlie, the one who was out in the '45. He was a man born to be precocious, not to say premature. He was tall, well built, handsome, "with long dark auburn hair falling in curls to the shoulder and fastened at the back in the fashion of the period." We cannot wonder that he was known in after years in France and throughout the French Army as "Le Bel Ecossais." His ruling passion, however, was "un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain." It is on record that when he came to the capital for his education he was easily drawn into the gaities and gallantries of the town. We are told that he never saw a handsome woman but he made love to her. In fact, any one reading the contemporary pamphlet, "The Female Rebels," which gave these particulars, might imagine that they were not hearing about a boy, but an elderly roué who had been through love adventures until they should have become stale to him. As a matter of fact, when he came to Edinburgh to study logic and metaphysics in 1742 he was a mere child. Nevertheless, he fell in love with Margaret, daughter of Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, Dumfriesshire, a niece of Lord Elibank, who was the toast of all the "toon." She stayed with a strong-minded aunt, a well known maiden lady of her day, of a kind that Edinburgh has always produced in plenty. A saying of hers which has been handed down seems to indicate her character to a nicety. On the death of her brother the widow proposed to sell the furniture of Westerhall,

July 12th, 1924.

which aroused great indignation in her, as she was warmly attached to it from old associations. The proposal was not carried out, for the very sufficient reason that her sister-in-law died, and the chronicled saying of Miss Johnston was that "The furniture was a' to be roupit, and we couldna persuade her. But before the sale cam on, in God's providence, she jist clinkit aff hersell." Her niece was the leading figure in that galaxy of beauty which assembled in old Edinburgh for the season, and Lord Ogilvy "immediately fell down and worshipped the image," when he met her at a certain ball. Two days after he induced her to elope with him, he being still two months short of his seventeenth year and she three months older. It would have been contrary to Lord Ogilvy's candid and frank way to have concealed it, and so he told his dear papa, and Lord Elibank backed him up with a very man-of-the-world kind of letter in which the key passage was :

We know that when we ourselves were young, we were liable to do imprudent things from the violence of our passions; and we must not wonder that our sons discover the same infirmity. The wisest and the greatest men in all ages have been the most susceptible of love and we may recollect many such in our country who have made rash marriages.

In those times it was not very difficult to placate an angry father when the bride was beautiful and well born, yet it seems unfair to say that about Lord Airlie. It was only that he was much keener about his son preparing for the descent of Prince Charlie which was then talked of. Lord Elibank's letter on the runaway marriage is dated January 8th, 1743—two years before the landing. There was little need to urge young Ogilvy in that direction, for he was consumed with an ardent fervour for the young chevalier.

Lady Ogilvy came of a Covenanting race, and her family was Presbyterian and Hanoverian, "but," says the historian, "being young and ardently in love with her husband, there could be no question that she would readily assimilate his views and make them her own." In fact, a great deal of her time was spent with the army till she was taken at Culloden, brought to Edinburgh and committed to the Castle, from which, being quick-witted and resourceful, she escaped by donning the clothes and imitating "the ungainly hitch" in the walk of one of the serving women. She and her husband became exiles, but managed to keep up communication with their friends in the home country.

In a rambling notice such as this we have only time to glance at a very interesting correspondence that is printed between the Earl of Airlie and the Marchioness of Huntly. She was the widow of Lewis, third Marquess of Huntly, who died in 1653. The Earl of Airlie fell in love with her when on his way to Banff. In the first letter of the series the Earl of Airlie protests to her that there is no truth in the report that "ther dropt from my arme ane breslet of hair and ane ring and yat they wer youres." He takes the opportunity, however, to say that "When I cum to Banff I wiel make a stap to Elgin." In her letter dated July 1st, 1668, she expresses herself as being satisfied with his explanation of the bracelet of hair, but was evidently in two minds about letting him come to Banff. She would not ask him not to come to Banff, but she would like her son to be there when he called. In his next letter he tells her not to trouble herself with "noyses be reports yat passe," that she will never be quiet if she does, and that they will never give over talking "until ye admitt my wisits with les ceremonie." The reply concludes in a very friendly tone, protesting that she never wanted to divert his coming :

I hop yo' Lordship knows hos far it is from my thoughts to divert you by cuming heir, not onlie from maters of sick momentt bott from youre smallest affears, which with all my harrt I wish to succeed weill.

He was a very determined woer, to whom a hint such as this went a long way, and from that moment the letters become very cordial, till the long correspondence brings them slowly to a happy ending. The book strikes us as a labour of love, the work of one who is every inch a Scot and well qualified to deal with the humours and peculiarities as well as the more serious qualities of the famous family of which he writes.

*The House of Airlie*, by the Rev. William Wilson. In two volumes. (John Murray, 32s. net.)

*A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is not a book which will make altogether pleasant reading to Anglo-Indians (in the sense of English who reside or have resided in India). And others will very likely call it a caricature. It is not; and if it seems so, it will only be due to the absurdly false conception of life in India which a long line of novelists and short-story writers have chosen to give their public. Edmund Candler's "Abdication" is the only novel one can recollect in recent times which gave anything like an accurate picture of English society out East. A society that is small, largely inter-related, and subjected to the same powerful influences of climate and environment will, naturally, develop clear characteristics

of its own. It is not the fault of individuals. And so this novel reminds one of those pictures Turgenieff and others gave us of Russia in the last century: of a nobility firmly entrenched in their own prejudices, and of a new order growing up, hot-headed, inconsistent and often futile, while something of the same fate overtook those who tried, like Mr. Fielding of Mr. Forster's novel, to bridge the gulf or pass from one camp to another. The characters of the book appear, therefore, rather as puppets moved by the overwhelming influences of race and nationality. Yet it is a very considerable achievement to have penetrated so far into the minds of modern educated Indians. We have them here as very intelligible individuals. We catch a faint idea of the poetry, the friendliness and the sense of religion which compensate the failings all too obvious to the casual observer. It all comes back to "East is East and West is West." Yet, since the two have to mingle, as affairs are ordered at present, it is very possible that this book will induce readers of each race to adopt a more tolerant attitude towards the other than hitherto.

*Unknown Surrey*, by Donald Maxwell. (The Bodley Head, 15s. net.)

MR. DONALD MAXWELL, in calling his book *Unknown Surrey*, did not quite do justice to it, as he recognises in the apologetic tone of his preface. "Known" and "unknown" are terms of changing meaning. What is unknown to-day may be known to-morrow, and the known, if neglected, passes into unknown. The charm of this book is quite independent of discovery. It seems to have been written in scraps, and it should be read at odd moments, a little at a time. The true Surreyite will turn first to the places with which he is most familiar, and he will not be disappointed. The author is a master of the pleasant art of pottering about. Where he potters does not much matter to him, as everywhere in this famous county are unconsidered trifles well worth picking up. Let us also say at the very beginning how much we admire the author's illustrations in line and colour. They prove that he is able to use his eye as well as his brush, and the more familiar the reader is with the scenes, the more he will like the pictures. A beautiful and readable book.

*Tutenag and Paktong*, by Alfred Bonnin. (Oxford University Press, 42s.)

WITH no end of pains Mr. Bonnin has collated the slight and obscure references that exist to these two metals, or rather this metal, tutenag, and the alloy paktong. After 1760 a few objects—candlesticks and fire furniture—were made of paktong, which closely resembles silver, but from the outset they seem to have been referred to as of tutenag, or, to be accurate, by such corruptions as "Tuttener's" or "tooth and egg." Tutenag was merely the trade name for spelter or zinc as imported from China, but, once it had landed in England, the name is never found in reference to zinc. Paktong, which is Cantonese for *pai-t'ung*, meaning "white copper," is only once referred to in the registers of the East India Company, and there is no doubt that it was one of the "private" trades in prohibited goods carried on by commanders of vessels. The process of its manufacture in China was described, from first-hand information, by Gustave v. Engeström, the Swedish chemist, in 1776. The ore, containing copper and nickel, was smelted at the mines in Yunnan and then transported to Canton, where the alloy so obtained was again fused, this time with zinc or tutenag. When, at length, the process was perfected in Europe, the result, considerably inferior to paktong, was known as German silver. There can be no doubt that many more examples of the use of this beautiful alloy will come to light now that Mr. Bonnin has cleared up the obscurity which even the Department of Metalwork at South Kensington had failed to pierce.

## SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

### FICTION.

*UNITY*, by J. D. Beresford. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

"*MR. ROWL*," by D. K. Broster. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) The story of a French prisoner in the Peninsular War.

*FIVE IN FAMILY*, by E. H. Anstruther. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) An interesting story about some pleasant people, by Mrs. J. C. Squire.

*SIEGE PERILOUS*, by Maud Diver. (Murray, 7s. 6d.) Colonial short stories by the author of "Captain Desmond, V.C."

*HAMMER MARKS*, by Arthur Hougham. (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.) A semi-autobiographical novel by a journeyman house painter.

*CORNISH SILHOUETTES*, by C. C. Rogers. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

### TRAVEL.

*BRUGES AND ITS PAST*, by Malcolm Letts. (Berry, 8s. 6d.)

*PALM GROVES AND HUMMING BIRDS*, by Keith Henderson. (Benn, 21s.) The sub-title is "An Artist's Fortnight in Brazil," and clever drawings provide the illustrations.

*A WOMAN ALONE IN KENYA, UGANDA AND THE BELGIAN CONGO*, by Etta Close. (Constable, 8s. 6d.)

*MEN, MAIDENS AND MANTILLAS*, by Stella Burke May. (Long, 15s.) A bright account of travels in Latin America.

*HILL TOWNS OF THE PYRENEES*, by Amy Oakley. (Long, 21s.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*SEAMEN ALL*, by E. Keble Chatterton. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) True stories of the sea from the days of sailing ships until to-day.

*THE HOUSE OF AIRLIE*, by the Rev. William Wilson. (Murray, 2 vols., 32s.) See page 69.

*REGIONAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND*, by A. E. Richardson. (Benn, £2 5s.)

*THE WONDERS OF SALVAGE*, by David Masters. (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.)

*HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE COUNTY CRICKET*, 1903-1923, by A. W. Pullin. (Chorley and Pickering, 10s. 6d.)

*SAILING SHIP MODELS*, by R. H. Morton Nance. (Halton and Truscott Smith, £3 13s. 6d.)

*THE MODERN GOLFER*, by C. J. H. Tolley. (Collins, 15s.) See review on page 53.

*THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS*, (Nash and Grayson, 10s. 6d.) More reminiscences, by the author of "Fifty Years of London Society."

*A SHORT HISTORY OF HAMPTON COURT*, by Ernest Law. (Bell, 6s.) A book which epitomises in one volume the author's much larger work on the same subject.

*MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE. "MEKIN, MEAD and WHITE" and "FISCHER VON ERLACK."* (Benn, 10s. 6d. each.)

## THE COMMON CROSSBILL



HIGH UP IN A SCOTCH FIR.

THE story of these photographs is quickly told and is illustrative of the difficulties and disappointments of bird photography. We were shown this nest by the best field naturalist we ever hope to meet, on March 15th, 1924. It contained two highly incubated eggs, and, owing to the astonishing tameness of the birds, these photographs were quickly obtained and the birds were left to settle down. The photographs show the hen bird only, for, although the cock was in close attendance and came very near to the nest, he never left the cover of the foliage.

On returning to look at the eggs on the morning of the 16th, we found the nest pulled about and feathers strewn all over the place, showing that a tragedy had taken place: and we were informed that the murderer was probably little owl. We then searched hard for other nests, and, although we found or were shown several more, none was suitable for photography.

The bird seems almost invariably to use a Scotch fir for a nesting tree and to place its nest either far out on the lateral boughs or in the extreme top of the tree, nearly always over 30ft. from the ground; hence photography is seldom easy. We had timed our visit too early; we only saw one nest with young, which we wanted for our purpose, most of the nests containing fresh eggs.

As our acquaintance with the breeding crossbill is limited to three days only, we do not pretend to have any profound knowledge of the bird, and such knowledge as we have was chiefly imparted to us by the naturalist who showed us the first nest. The bird is surprisingly tame and seems to have no fear of human beings whatever—in fact, it appears to



A HANDY LARDER. CONES ARE A FAVOURITE FOOD OF THE CROSSBILL.

prefer their company. We were told of an instance where this trait had led to the destruction of a pair. They had just been wantonly shot by a boy with a cheap air-gun. The colour of the cock is a lovely rosy flush, and, doubtless, many will recall the German legend that this colour and the peculiar shape of the beak are due to the fact that this bird attempted to pull out the nails at the Crucifixion.

The nest, although not exactly a tidy-looking structure, on examination is found to be quite neatly built. The base is the part that appears untidy, and consists of a platform of thickish fir twigs, wool, and so on, while the superstructure is fashioned with finer materials and lined with fine grass and some feathers. The nests containing eggs which we examined were each fouled by two or three droppings, and we were told that this was quite usual.

The cones from which the crossbill has extracted the seeds betray the presence of the bird at once, even to the most casual glance. The birds seem to start work at the top of the cone and work downwards towards the base. When finished with

and dropped on the ground the cone has a frayed look, quite different from that of the cones which have been torn to pieces by squirrels or woodpeckers, and from those which have opened naturally. The feeding place is very obvious, for the ground is covered with cones that have been treated in this peculiar manner.

One cannot help thinking it is a far more common bird than is generally supposed, for it is very easily overlooked, being quite small, not much larger than a greenfinch, and haunting thick cover.

Crossbills seem to loathe the presence of squirrels and, for preference, to frequent places where they are rare. It is well known, of course, that the squirrel is very destructive to birds' eggs and young—and one presumes the crossbill is quite aware of this fact. To the crossbill the little owl is the terror by night and the squirrel is the destroyer in the noonday, and we hope that landowners will bear this fact in mind and deal justly with the criminals.

H. A. GILBERT AND ARTHUR BROOK.

## HENLEY

**H**ENLEY is one of those social events which demand pre-eminently fine weather—in fact, more so than any other occasion, as no place seems so wet as a river on a wet day—but, since it takes place at the beginning of July and in England, it is only natural that three years out of four it should be marred by rain. At least, when I say marred, I mean for the ladies in their light frocks and the young gentlemen in their faultless flannels, who rise occasionally from a chaotic repast of strawberries and cream, to gaze with astonishment at the toiling crews as they pass. At such moments there is a frantic search for programmes that have lost themselves in the cushions, puzzled calculations as to which side is Bucks and which is Berks, and at the end of it all a certain natural diffidence at showing their enthusiasm for such an enigmatic affair as, let us say, a "Third Trinity Four." Therefore I have every sympathy for them when wind and rain cause the gayest of frocks to be shrouded in thick coats, or flowered parasols to be exchanged for lugubrious umbrellas.

On the other hand, the rowing man views all this with indifference. The Old Blues in the enclosure are too engrossed in the everlasting debate between the "orthodox" and the "Jesus" style, or too deep in reminiscences of the 'eighties. The young gods of Leander regard the head wind with equanimity, since it will afford their weight an advantage to set against the longer training of their opponents. As for the schoolboys and college crews making their *début* at the regatta, they are probably too far gone in that excitement and disquietude technically known as the "needle" to care two straws for rain or sunshine.

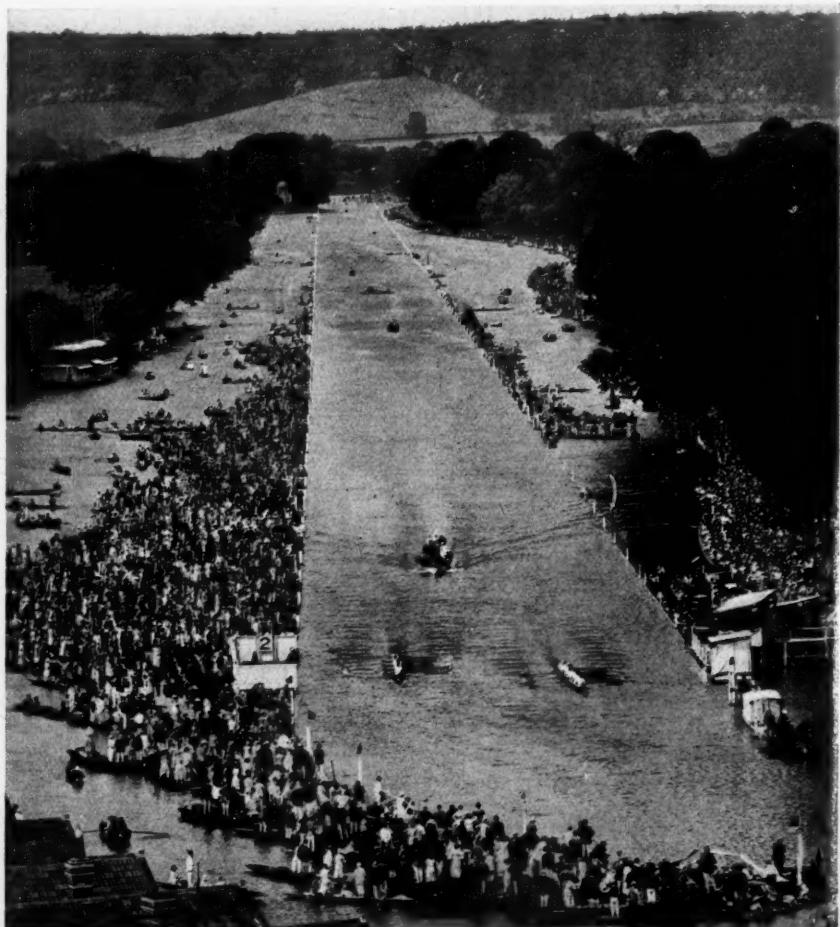
Socially, then, it was not a great regatta, though the last two days were a great deal better than the first two suggested they might be. There was the counter-attraction of Wimbledon, while the Olympic Games have drawn away a good many foreign crews who usually enliven Henley with exotic styles, and enable the spectators to infuse some national preference into their applause. The racing, however, was good, especially on the final day, which often does not produce half such good racing as the day before. The final for the Grand was as good a race as one could want to see, the boats practically level the whole way, spurt answered by spurt, and Leander only finishing 6ft. ahead.

Jesus would probably have done better to concentrate on the Grand. Their same crew also reached the final of the Ladies' Plate, in which it was beaten by Shrewsbury School. That Jesus were a tired crew does not detract from Shrewsbury's performance, the school crew being judged by some observers to be the fastest eight at Henley. It is the first time any school crew but Eton ever won the Ladies', and Mr. Kitchin is to be congratulated on having brought the rowing of his school to such a high standard in the last ten years. They have left their old rivals, Bedford, far behind, though a dozen years ago Bedford were more often than not the victors in the annual races that took place alternately on each other's river.

The famous Third Trinity four won the Stewards' hands down, as was to be expected. They are almost perfect to watch, and one is glad to know that they are representing England at the Olympic Games.

It appeared to me that the Stewards might do worse than consider the establishment of a new Eight Oar event at Henley. Most of the school crews do not stand a chance against the colleges, or even against the first-class schools; nor usually do many of the up-river clubs against the best colleges whose crews have been together the whole season. An event reserved to schools and clubs, and excluding colleges, would provide good racing, and relieve the Ladies' Plate of many heats in which the competitors are frankly nowhere near the standard. It would be a great mistake to practise "elimination of the rabbits," as has been suggested by at least one critic recently. Henley is an invaluable education in racing and watermanship, and the hope of English rowing is in the schools, but it would be all the better for them to have a class where they stood a chance of success, while it would be still open to them, as it is to the colleges, to aspire to higher honours when their form justified the ambition.

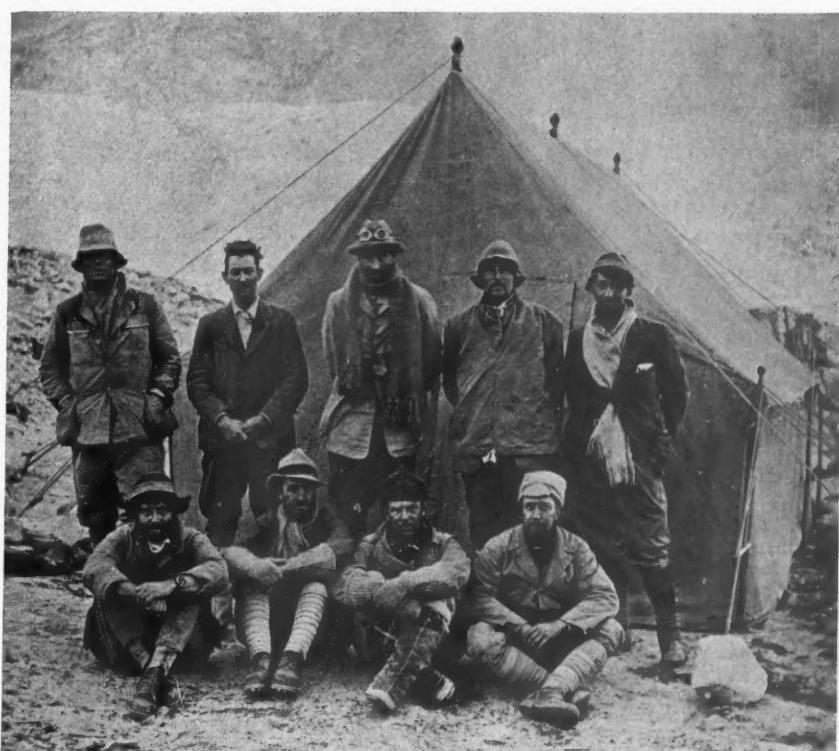
N. L. C.



MAIDENHEAD R.C. WINNING THE THAMES CUP.  
With a general view down the new straightened course.

## THE LAST DESPATCH FROM EVEREST

**I**N the records of mountaineering, Mr. Odell's story of the final attempt on Mount Everest will always hold a most important place. The writer was the only member of the expedition who actually saw Mallory and Irvine attempting the last climb. He was acting "in support" at the Camp of North Col at an altitude of 23,000ft. Theoretically, as he explains, being in support meant that he had to look after any exhausted member of the party; but, practically, it resolved itself into preparing meals for those members of the expedition who made the camp at North Col a place of call. On June 6th Mallory and Irvine, "after joyfully hailing a breakfast of fried sardines," of which they partook in moderation, started for Camp V (25,000ft.), accompanied by porters carrying provisions and reserve oxygen cylinders. Using oxygen, they had already ascended from Camp III, a distance of 2,000ft., in a couple of hours, which they considered good going. Next day they climbed to Camp VI (27,000ft.), established by Colonel Norton and Somervell in a "record" climb three days previously. Odell had gone up to Camp V, his place at North Col then being filled by Hazard. That night porters brought back a message from Mallory. It seems to have been a confident little note, showing that all had gone well so far. Up to 27,000ft. they had used only the minimum oxygen, and the weather was perfect. Something of the pleasure it gave Odell is reflected in his word picture of the outlook from his lofty camp and of a great sunset; westward



MEMBERS OF THE MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION.

Irvine and Mallory are on the reader's left in the back row; Colonel Norton is next to Mallory. a savage jumble of peaks culminating in Cho Uyo (26,750ft.) and right opposite "the giant cliffs of Everest."



THE REMARKABLE ICE FORMATION OF EVEREST'S GLACIERS.  
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One glimpse of the climbers was given him on the morning of June 8th. He beheld them as only two black dots on the snowy landscape—one small dot was on a snowcrest and another small dot moved up to join him—all made visible in a sudden clearing of the atmosphere. The figures were seen one after another to approach the rock-step and appear at the top, and then a great black cloud came over and hid for ever the vision of Mallory and Irvine. The rock-step is "a very short distance from the base of the final pyramid," and they were later than the time on Mallory's schedule, which points to some unexpected difficulty or delay in the ascent. There is nothing impossible or even improbable in the narrator's surmise that the two climbers may have actually realised their ambition to reach the top of the mountain. He says: "In my opinion, from the position in which they were last seen, they should have reached the summit at 4 p.m. at latest, unless some unforeseen and particularly difficult obstacle presented itself on the final pyramid. This seemed to be very unlikely, for we had scrutinised the last slopes with telescopes and binoculars and had seen that technically the climbing was easy. Perhaps the most likely explanation of their failure to return is either a fall or inability to reach camp before darkness set in. I rather incline to the latter view, and consider it very probable that they sheltered in some rock recess and fell asleep and a painless death followed, due to the excessive cold at these altitudes."

Nothing was omitted in the way of search to determine what had happened. Odell went up to Camp VI and reached it just as a keen blizzard came on. He went out in the direction taken by the pair and he yodelled and whistled in the driving

snow and sleet in the vain hope that they might hear, and so get an idea of the direction in which they should descend. Watch, as Mallory had suggested, was kept at North Col by Hazard and Odell, and Camp VI was revisited in case they had arrived late: but it was empty and everything as it had been left. Search was made along the route they had taken, but without success.

It will ever be a mystery whether they succeeded or not in reaching the summit, but were the mystery to be penetrated, it would make little difference to the fame of these young mountaineers. Whatever the result, they have given splendid evidence of the stuff of which they were made. To get to the top of Everest had been an ambition deep-seated in the heart of Mallory. It was a generous ambition, since it was an enterprise that offered to him that achieved it no concrete or ponderable reward—no reward at all except the

joy that comes to him whose love of adventure has led him to attempt what has been regarded as impossible.

Mallory's companion Irvine was as remarkable as himself. He was the youngest member of the expedition, and, unlike Mallory, who was the only man who was on all three of the Everest expeditions, he had no experience to recommend him; but at Oxford he was recognised as a formidable athlete, and his intimates regarded him as one of the most resourceful of young men. He had that quality of Englishmen best described as never regarding himself as beaten. If youth, energy, pluck and determination could make a hero, then he was one. General Bruce in early days used to call him "the experiment," but he lived to prove himself much more than that. He became one of the most efficient members of a gallant company.



EVEREST FROM THE PASS BETWEEN SHEKAR DZONG AND THE RONGBUK VALLEY.



A NEAR VIEW RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM THE EXPEDITION.  
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## CORRESPONDENCE

## JOCK OF THE BUSHVELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The author of "Jock of the Bushveld" has often been asked to write a sequel to that interesting novel. In the following letter he shows why this is impossible. Perhaps you may consider it of interest to your readers. "Times out of number I have been asked when the sequel to 'Jock' is to be written, and I am always asked if it is a true story, and if Jock was a real dog, and if he belonged to me. There will be no sequel simply because it is a true story—all told to my own Little People years ago, and all known as fact to some of my old comrades of the hunting days. Three of the characters who appear in the book are intimate friends, and they include Ted, who gave Jock to me and who was the owner of Jock's mother, Jess. I often see or hear from or of them. There are several others, still alive and well, who knew Jock. There is no difficulty in finding more material for such stories, but how could one offend the sense of justice of those who knew the truth by inventing a sequel? How could one outrage the memory of so gallant a comrade as Jock was by 'making up a story'? No, there will be no more 'last words' from Jock. If any more reasons were needed to justify this they could be found in the singularly happy experiences of the author, who has received literally hundreds of letters from readers of all ages and all experiences showing that they have taken to themselves Jock himself as a personal friend. It is impossible to say who have given the greatest pleasure—the children who call their own dogs after their hero and who write as though they and I had been through it all together—'Do you remember?' this or that incident; or the lads wounded and

two of the incidents precisely as they are told in 'Jock'—i.e., the shooting of the lion and the capture of the young lion by Jim. A few years ago Bill himself described the third incident to Major Stevenson-Hamilton, well known as an author and Warden of the Sabie Game Reserve. I think it can have happened to very few writers to have their narrative verified after thirty-eight years by the production of letters which had been written at the time the incidents occurred. Many—nearly all—readers have thought the description of the great hailstorm rather fanciful; but the storm in Pretoria a few months ago was proof enough. In the recent papers there have been reproduced many photographs showing how the tiled roofs were shattered; also collections of hailstones larger than tennis balls—and these were not the picked 'big ones.' However, there are innumerable examples to show that when one tells actual experiences of snakes, hailstorms, crocodiles, lions, etc., it's 'Good-bye' to any reputation for truth. The true stories are not believed; but the outrageous fiction of those who live in cities seems to carry conviction. They seemed to understand the art of capturing goggle-eyed believers!"—C. J. L.

## A NUTHATCH'S MENU.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those readers who are familiar with the writings of Canon Atkinson and Mrs. Brightwen will remember that these bird-lovers were successful in rendering nuthatches tame enough to visit definite spots for food. The accompanying photographs show that the feat may be accomplished by anyone who lives in a district where nuthatches are met with and who has sufficient patience to await results.



PEA-NUTS TO BEGIN WITH.



TO BE CONSUMED OFF THE PREMISES.



THEN A SECOND COURSE OF CHEESE.

imprisoned for years in Germany who saved bits of candle to read aloud some chapter and, forgetting disease and misery and starvation, lived once again, for an hour, the life of the limitless veld; or the old folks (at least three of them were well over eighty) to whom the call of youth came through the story of a dog. To have been the simple, even unthinking, chronicler of those days (for there was no idea of publication!) and to have made friends for the dog and for his comrade, is something for which the writer is most devoutly grateful. Only a month or two ago I had an experience which has come to few, if any, other writers of books; and it helps to answer the question, 'Is it a true story?' You can see that this is a tender point—a point of honour, one might say; and it looks impossible of proof. But look at what happened. In the first hunting chapter there are incidents which many readers have regarded as legitimate fiction—but still fiction. The carrying up a tree, by a leopard, of the remains of a young giraffe; the shooting of a lion—the first shot grazing the skull and the second through the mouth—"because a lion's got no forehead; it's all hair!"; the catching of a lion alive by the Zulu 'boy,' Jim. In May, while in New York, I received a letter from someone in Vancouver saying that he had just come across 'Jock,' and from internal evidence he found that certain characters referred to were his brothers. The reason given was that certain incidents were well known to him as having been described in letters written many years ago by his brother, 'Bill Saunderson.' Of course, I replied at once, confirming this, and my friend in Vancouver looked up his old letters and photographs and, only two months ago, sent me Bill Saunderson's original letter, faded but clear, dated 5th December, 1885, in which Bill described

On the feeding board, which was set up in a Sussex garden, will be seen a flower pot, a piece of cheese fixed by a nail, and some lumps of suet, bound together with string. The flower pot contained a supply of pea nuts, and those were always selected first. It is well known that the nuthatch is accustomed to carry hazel nuts or filberts to a post or tree, and then fix the booty in a convenient crevice. By means of repeated blows with his stout, sharp beak, the bird splits the nuts and obtains the kernel. The pea nut has such a soft, brittle shell that labour is saved, hence the opportunity of the experimenter. In the first photograph, the bird, after surveying the three kinds of fare, has made a decision, the pea nut being the choice. In the second, he is preparing to fly away to enjoy his meal; while in the last picture he has returned for his second preference, cheese. This he will probably carry direct to his hole in a tree at some distance, and then return for a scrap of suet, which will perhaps be more troublesome to detach than the kernel of a nut, the dagger beak being not quite so well adapted for viscous or semi-solid substances.—JESSE PACKHAM.

## A RECORD-BREAKING COAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of June 28th I note over the signature of Fedden Tindall a reference to the making in record time of a coat, and I am already aware of this interesting bit of history. Your correspondent probably does not know, however, that the coat is still preserved at the seat of the Throckmorton family, Coughton Court, near Alcester, Warwickshire, where by the courtesy of the family I recently saw it. In addition to the coat itself, which is blue in colour, the family also have interesting posters

announcing the wager, which undoubtedly caused a great amount of public interest at the time.—WM. A. CLARK.

## HOW TO GET RID OF BRACKEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you or any of the readers of your interesting publication tell me of any way of destroying bracken without resorting to the laborious and expensive method of uprooting it?—ELEANOR PEEL.

[Continual cutting at the beginning of the season would eventually be successful. This cutting must be repeated a number of times.—ED.]

## REAL EPITAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While waiting the other day till a friend was ready to motor me home from Brighton, I went up to the old parish church of St. Nicholas—once of the fishing village of Brightelmstone. To the south-east of the porch, which is on the south side of the church, is an interesting, deeply cut inscription on a tombstone to Phoebe Hessel, which I copied out: "In memory of Phoebe Hessel who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regt. of foot in different parts of Europe: and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life which commenced in the time of Queen Anne extended to the reign of George IV by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton where she had long resided Dec 12th 1821 aged 108 years." The word "comfort" (as it evidently is) is very hard to make out, *com* being clear, also the

second *o*, but the other three letters are nearly gone. Also, her age is hard to decipher, but as both her birth and death are clearly stated, one only has to do the small sum to see that she reached the great age of 108. The stone stands back from the paved footpath and is, I fancy, in the third row. I do not know the guide books to the town, but for all I know it may be in them.—EDWARD KING.

## A SURFEIT OF BUMBLE-BEES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if others of your readers have noticed the extraordinarily great numbers of bumble-bees there are about this summer: it is quite remarkable here, near Carisbrooke. The other evening when I was walking on a chalk hill, the ground and bank appeared to be alive with them, and the noise of their humming as they flitted from flower to flower was like the humming of aeroplanes at a distance. It was quite difficult to avoid stepping on the bees as they supped on the sweet, short-stemmed little down flowers; they seemed absolutely unconscious of my presence among them, and scarcely troubled to move as I walked along. Later, when I sat down on the grass and rested for a few moments, one actually fell in my lap, and several bumped against me in their hurried flight; they appeared to be either in great haste to search for fresh blossoms, or else they were so intoxicated with nectar that they could not manage to avoid a large object like myself! This was about six o'clock in the evening of a very warm sunny day. Although our house is not out in the country, we have also had a great number come in our rooms; for quite a long period bumble-bees visited us several times during the day.—ETHEL F. READ.

## WHY HAWFINCHES ARE "SCARCE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The question that Mr. Mallinson raises as to why some people think that hawfinches are scarce in their own particular locality is interesting. When I had read it I recalled a reference to the subject to be found in Dr. Coward's standard work on British Birds. Dr. Coward remarks that, notwithstanding the hawfinch's striking appearance, this bird if often looked upon as rare in places where it is really common. "It is sly and secretive, and avoids man but not his dwellings, less so his gardens where fruit and peas are ripe." A litter of split cherry stones and empty pods often indicates the bird's activities where the offender itself has not been seen. The hawfinch commits its depredations early in the morning before the majority of mortals are astir. Later in the day it resorts to the depths of the woods or to the most secluded parts of orchards, and it is an adept in the art of keeping out of sight. I have known a pair of these birds frequent a garden quite near a town, for several successive months, before they were seen by the owners of that particular garden. If you wish to see the hawfinch at work, you must get up very early indeed. Hawfinches have increased in numbers very considerably during recent years.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.

## HOT WORK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture from Kenya which

own. My latest information is that there are quite a lot of martens in one or two places. I note that the author of your article speaks of marten kittens as being brown in colour, referring, I presume, to their second coat, for the first is white, as was ascertained by Mr. A. H. Cocks, who bred litters of pine martens in captivity, when the young had at first a white coat, which soon gave place to a dark brown-grey one. Surprising though it may be, it is nevertheless a fact that the first covering of the little polecat is likewise milky white. Some years ago a little pine marten came into my hands which still had a few white hairs of its baby coat remaining. It was clad in dark grey-brown, and it was not until it was some months old that it acquired the lovely pelage of the adult. This marten demonstrated for me that not only is there nothing in the yellow throat as an indication of specific difference, but it does not indicate age. The exact shade of the cream patch is merely seasonal and a matter of fading. The yellow is the most fugitive of tints. After the autumn and spring moults my "mart" was lovely, her throat being 'twixt orange and peach, but it faded in a few weeks to creamy white. But at all times she was an exquisite creature. The Continental beech marten—which, by the way, is the species shown in your illustrations in the issue for May 24th—does not at any time acquire so yellow a throat. I might mention that there is a rare variety of the Welsh polecat. This variety is most curious, in it all black pigment has disappeared and the creature is



A LION-TIGER HYBRID.

## A GIFT FROM "RANJI."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawangar (better known as Prince Ranji) has just presented the Zoological Society with a hybrid lion-tiger, the first of its kind that has ever been exhibited at the Gardens. The animal, which is a male, resembles a lion in the colour of its coat, except that a number of faint stripes and marks are present upon its body. In stature, however, it more approximates a large tiger, and its back is slightly arched like that animal. The creature was bred in captivity at Nawangar.—B.

## AN OLD RATCATCHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—About twelve or thirteen years ago you published in the Correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE a note on John Gaunt, a noted Derbyshire ratcatcher, who then lived at Ambergate. It may interest some of your readers to know that he has retired from his profession and is now living at Belper in the market place. He has retired at the age of seventy-four years on an old age pension. He was, no doubt, known by name, if not in person, to some of your readers as the man who used foxes as ratcatchers as well as in conjunction with terriers. He caught a young fox when a cub, and as it grew up trained it to catch rats, and at once proved it to be quite as clever as the best dog, if not more so. After this he regularly employed foxes in his business with great success, and as ratcatcher to the Midland Railway Company was known at many places, in his profession always using foxes as well as dogs. He trained foxes from cubs, and found that foxes could give dogs points and be easy winners. He found that a fox when offered rat or fowl preferred rat, and it would despatch a rat in quicker time than a dog. He used foxes for more than forty-five years, and did not take them on a leash, but carried them in bags from one place to another. He began ratcatching as a boy and, as I have said, was known all over England at all sorts of places, as well as on various ships. He had a curious way of his own of attracting rats to one place and then setting his foxes and dogs at them. In this he was a worthy rival of "The Pied Piper," and could, no doubt, have given him some wrinkles.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

## YOUNG RAVENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to see, and perhaps publish, this photograph of three young ravens on the rocks above Loch Lubnaig.—W. A. R.



"THERE WERE THREE RAVENS SAT ON A TREE."



THATCHING IN KENYA.

you may like to see. Thatching is hot work in that part of the world.—J. OVEREND.

## POLECATS AND PINE MARTENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Several recent letters in your Correspondence pages make it evident that there is a good deal of ignorance as to the present status of the polecat in these islands. Having always taken a great interest in our British mammals and gone to much trouble in getting information about them, I state with confidence that the polecat is yet far from extermination. In certain parts of Wales it is numerous, despite steady persecution. What is more, it is holding its own and even gaining ground, so that polecats have reappeared in places from which they had disappeared. About two years ago a typical polecat was killed in Shropshire (at Downton, near Ludlow), but this, I fear, was only a wanderer. As regards England in general, all records later than the 'seventies should be viewed with doubt, unless vouched for by someone who really knows a polecat. The mistake of taking an escaped "fitchet" ferret for a polecat is very easy to make, though the darkest of ferrets is invariably lighter than a polecat. Apart from persecution, the reclaiming of waste land, especially marshland, has been a great factor in driving the polecat from the lowlands. Its present strongholds are certain bogs between the hills, for it likes shelter and the neighbourhood of water, and is no lover of windswept barren heights. Now, as regards the pine marten, about which you had an article lately; this beautiful creature exists sparingly in Wales, also in the Highlands and somewhat more numerously in the Lake District, but it is only in the West of Ireland that "the mart" is really holding its

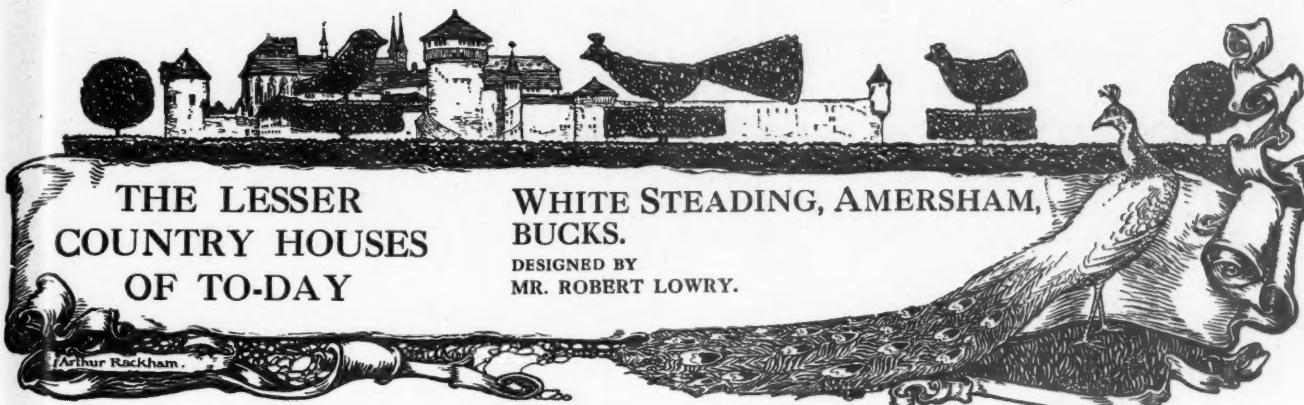
a reddish brown in colour, in fact just the hue of a Tamworth pig. Several specimens have been killed in the Aberystwyth district.—FRANCES PITTS.

## INDIAN SALMON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of "mahseer" —or Indian salmon—collected together under a bridge over a stream in the Dehra Dun district of the United Provinces. Large fish are always to be seen here, but when a handful of flour balls is thrown down, the pool gets choked with fish, until the top layer of fish are half out of water, the whole pool being lashed into foam by their frantic efforts to get at the toothsome morsels. At the time of the photograph there were something like two hundred of them ranging from ten to ninety pounds each. The size of some can be judged by their girth as viewed by the camera, which was about eight feet above them. The water is crystal-clear and the biggest look like young sharks, as they are three to five feet long. Owing to the religious belief in the transmigration of souls, fishing is prohibited in the neighbourhood, and keen fishermen can only look at the tantalising sight. These fish are not in any sense "tame," as they are in the open river and can be caught in the waters either end of the prohibited area.—ANGLER.

[We regret that the photograph accompanying this interesting letter would fail to show the fish in any possible reproduction, and, accordingly, we have left it out.—ED.]



## THE LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY

### WHITE STEADING, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

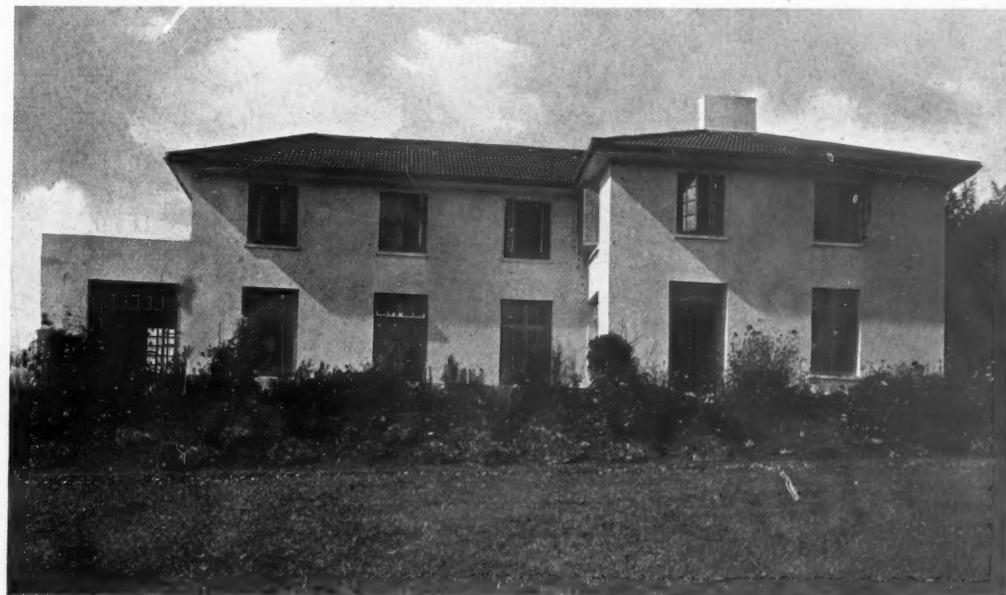
DESIGNED BY  
MR. ROBERT LOWRY.

HERE is a two-fold interest in this house: outside, in its form and construction; inside, in its decorative scheme and furnishing. For the former, Mr. Robert Lowry, the architect, is responsible; for the latter, the house-owner, Mr. F. R. Yerbury. It is a concrete house, essentially modern in design. Careful study has been given to its general mass and the proportion of its parts, but it has eschewed the various trappings which are part of the orthodox architectural equipment. Thus the window openings are quite plain, with just a sill to carry off the water; and the chimneys are kept free of any offsets or embellishments. All this is a perfectly logical and direct treatment with the form of construction adopted, and thereby the house gains definite character.

The walling is in two skins of 4in. concrete, built solid between shuddering, with a 3in. cavity, the exterior being finished with cement, lime-whitened; in effective contrast with which are the wooden casements, painted blue. The floors also are of concrete, reinforced with expanded metal; the roof, of pleasing low pitch, being covered with Roman tiles. The house looks very well in its setting. It is on a rising piece of ground, backed by a spinney and having an outlook over broad sweeps of wooded country.

So much for its structure. Now a word about the interior treatment. Immediately on entering one gets the pervading impression of the whole house. Briefly it may be said to consist in the combination of old furniture with modern backgrounds. Mr. Yerbury seems to possess an enviable facility for acquiring, without much trouble or expense, pieces which are the delight of the discriminating collector. But to furnish successfully it is as necessary to have an eye for the correct

placing and setting of furniture as to know just how and where to get desirable pieces. The accompanying illustrations are evidence of such success. Mr. Yerbury is also an adventurer in colour. The treatment of the living-room is an example of this. The walls are papered and coloured with an apricot tone; the ceiling, divided up into three bays by beams, is



SOUTH FRONT.



WEST END, SHOWING GARDEN ROOM.

July 12th, 1924.



TWO VIEWS OF THE LIVING-ROOM.



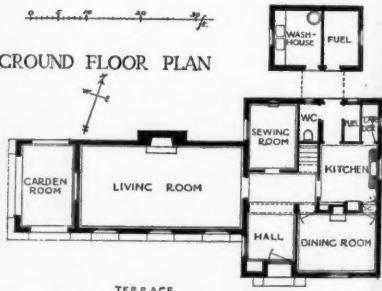
IN THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM.

overspread with silvered paper, which is brought down as a shallow frieze and finished with a border having a Greek fret in black on a gilt ground; while the floor is laid with wood blocks treated with a blue stain. This floor was one of several experiments. The blocks are of hardwood which did not take the stain equally, but the finished result is pleasing. The varying tones of blue are not at all assertive, and the Persian rugs are quite happy in association with them. Three long windows light this room from the south, and there is an end window opening into the garden room, which is an attractive feature of the house. Centrally placed on the long north wall of the living-room is the fireplace, with recesses for books to right and left, the whole being framed in by a moulding. On the wall above the fireplace is a fine gilt mirror of Spanish origin, and on either side are two seventeenth-century Italian lamp brackets, adapted for electric light. Farther to the right is a piece of Tibetan silk hanging, above an old chest; and well placed in an informal way about the room are many delightful old pieces.

The dining-room is finished with an ivory tone on walls and ceiling, and has a varnished marbled paper dado representing lapis lazuli, the doors



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



being painted primrose. Over the mantelpiece is a modern picture by Mr. Gregory Brown. The hall has primrose walls, and there is a further use of a marbled paper dado up the staircase. Opening off the hall is a little sewing-room or playroom which offers another example of fresh colour. Here the walls are Chinese yellow, and on them are set modern posters in bright colouring, while the mantelpiece is enlivened with lines of red and the windows have blue-striped curtains.

Freshness and colour courage distinguish the first-floor rooms also. There is a particularly charming child's bedroom, quite fairy-like without being precious. Its walls are covered with silvered paper, the ceiling is distempered a bright blue, there is a simple little bedstead painted a tone of yellow, and of a similar tone are the window frames and curtains. In the principal bedroom, a view of which is given on this page, the floor is black, the woodwork jade green, the ceiling a soft blue, and particularly effective are the modern hangings at the windows—all this in association with a four-poster and other old pieces of furniture. It requires a nice sense of values to bring old and new together and preserve a harmony, but Mr. Yerbury has the eye for such things, and the interior of his house is as individual as it is captivating.

R. R. P.

## JULY RACING AT NEWMARKET

### TWO YEAR OLDS OF DISTINCTION.

**O**N the whole I have no doubt the two year old racing was the feature of the always pleasant fixture which opens the summer season on the July course at Newmarket. His Majesty was present on three of the four days, having missed the day on which the Princess of Wales' Stakes was decided in order to visit Queen Alexandra at Sandringham. Lovers of Newmarket delight in the informality of racing on the July course, with its perfect environment and its aloofness from the hurly-burly so usual to racing at most places. There were many weak points in the four-day programme as approved by the Jockey Club, far too many in fact, but there were compensations for those who like to look on the best horses of their age, which are expected to go on and remain at the top of the tree.

Now, the two year olds I have in mind, which so greatly impressed us last week, were His Majesty's Runnymede, winner of the July Stakes, the colt by Gainsborough-Sun Worship, which won the Exeter Stakes, Diomedes, the winner of the Plantation Stakes, and Margaritta, the winner of the Fulbourne Stakes. Their performances are well worth dwelling on, if only because we are likely to hear much more of all those four year old horses. The last winner of the July Stakes to win the Derby in the subsequent year was Cicero. That was exactly twenty years ago. Many high-class horses have won since its institution as far back as 1786, but on the whole few Derby winners—that is, few when bearing in mind the class of horses which have invariably competed. Last season, for instance, the race marked the debut of Diophon, who, as is well known, won the Two Thousand Guineas, though rather damaged in his reputation since then. Speaking generally, even better horses have won the Chester Stakes on the July course, but as it is not due to be run until next week at the second July meeting I can defer any further reference to it.

The latest winner, Runnymede, is by Hurry On from Saint's Mead, by St. Simon, and when last spring the writer had the privilege of publishing in COUNTRY LIFE an article on the Sandringham Stud, this same colt, then a very young yearling, was made the subject of some complimentary references. It is particularly satisfactory, therefore, to me that, on the occasion of his second appearance in public, the colt should have proved capable of winning a race of this importance for the King. He beat by a head the Aga Khan's grey filly, Firouze Mahal, a daughter of The Tetrarch and Grey Tip. Until just on the winning post the filly looked very much like winning, but the hundred and odd yards over the five furlongs found out a weakness in her which enabled the colt to prove his stamina and beat her. I always like a young horse that is doing his best work at the finish, no matter where he may finish. It shows that he is a racehorse possessed of merit and grit.

Runnymede is a bay, and in one way rather reminds me of another Hurry On colt that was a winner on this course two years ago. The reference is to Town Guard. The King's colt is not quite so long in the back, and I would call him more symmetrical. I do not suggest for a moment that he is one right out of the ordinary, but he won this race in good style, though only by a head, and, anyhow, it is excellent to think that the winner of the July Stakes in 1924 is the property of the King. Runnymede had run once before. That was at Ascot, when he was well beaten by Iceberg for the Coventry Stakes. Not only did he turn the tables on Golden Evening, a Golden Sun colt, owned by Sir Delves Broughton, but he showed how an experience in public will teach a young horse a great deal. He ran truly and altogether stronger at this second venture. The second, Firouze Mahal, is a nice and almost pretty filly, but there is not a deal of her, and in any case she is not right in the front rank to compare with Mumtaz Mahal at the same age and in the same ownership. She cost 5,400 guineas as a yearling. I much prefer Lord Woolavington's filly of the same age, Margaritta, who cost her owner 1,050 guineas as a yearling.

Now, the colt by Gainsborough from Sun Worship (he has earned a good name for himself now) was returned a head winner of the Exeter Stakes of six furlongs, beating by that margin Mrs. Whitburn's very promising brown colt by Santo named Chang Chia. Some readers, who were present that afternoon, may have noticed, as I did, the Sun Worship colt. If so, they could not help being impressed by him, for he showed excellent growth, strength, and really handsome lines. I knew little or nothing about him, and I could not find that he was in any way fancied, but I certainly thought his day would come and that his sire, Gainsborough, could not have had a better living advertisement than he represented.

Like Runnymede he was doing his best work in the last furlong, for that was why he caught and beat Chang Chia, who is also a colt of possibilities in the best sense, though he has still to win a race. The Sun Worship colt cost his present owner, Sir John Rutherford, 3,500 guineas as a yearling. The youngster was in the draft sent to Doncaster from Lord Dunraven's stud at Adare, in County Limerick. I don't think he beat much apart from Chang Chia, as the favourite, Constantine, in Lord Dewar's colours, ran a "soft" sort of race, and though Marksman,

belonging to Mr. J. B. Joel, may do well hereafter, he is certainly not at his best now. So I am not engaging in any rapturous praise of the Sun Worship colt, but I, nevertheless, maintain that he has exceptionally good looks, apparently fine physique, and gives the idea of going on and making a high-class three year old. I regard him as quite the best of Gainsborough's progeny we have yet seen.

If the colt we have been discussing was worth 3,500 guineas as a yearling, what can I say of Diomedes, who at the Dublin horse show sales last August was bought for 200 guineas? It was not his present owner's great good fortune to acquire him at the price. The youngster had shown a flash of his quality in the first week of the season when Mr. S. Beer drew a cheque for £3,000 in favour of his then owner. In his new owner's colours he came out to win at Newmarket in the spring, and such a Tetrarch-like win it was, too, by many lengths! This appearance at Newmarket last week was his third in public, and we have to contemplate him now as an unbeaten colt. In maintaining his record he gave a severe trouncing to Iceberg, who had won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. Iceberg, it is true, was conceding him 7lb., but Diomedes could have done without that concession. Rather could he have presented it to Iceberg, plus an easy beating. Iceberg was beaten pointless, and Diomedes came along to win in the style of a most exceptional youngster. Let it be added that he looks a top-notcher in every sense.

He is a rare, resolute galloper, taking the minimum out of himself and putting great work into his action. I have not seen a two year old which impressed me more for some years past, not since, in fact, the days of The Tetrarch. That is according him a very high place, but if he were to be matched to-day with Black Friar, of whose excellence there can be no two opinions, Diomedes, I am sure, would be favourite, and I am just as sure that he would win. It might even be that Margaritta, in the same ownership as Black Friar, might be better than the latter in a stern "try-out" on the racecourse, but that, to be sure, is more controversial than would be the outcome of a match between Diomedes and Black Friar. I certainly do not see where the two can meet this year, and they will not do so in the classic races next year, for the very good reason that Diomedes was never entered for them. That shows what may have been thought of him as a yearling; but then he did not come from a well-known stud, he was not sold at Doncaster, and he was not sired by one of the 400-guinea sires of the day. That explains much. The best horse of his year does not always win the Derby.

Margaritta was winning her third important race in succession when on the closing day of the meeting last week she won the Fulbourne Stakes by two lengths. Her previous wins had been of the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, and the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot. Here it was said that she would have to surrender to the Aga Khan's colt, Diaquenod, a chestnut colt by Diadumenos from Miss Cobalt, the dam of Blue Lady. You see, the filly had to concede 9lb., apart from the usual sex allowance of 3lb. which is her due because she is a filly. Thus it was that in the circumstances the filly started at odds against, while for his race against Iceberg Diomedes had been at 2 to 1 on. What impressed me was the way Margaritta drew away from Diaquenod just when the moment came, leaving the latter quite impotent and incapable of making any impression on her. The trainer of Diaquenod understands better than anyone how very good Margaritta is.

What was wrong with the Aga Khan's horse at Ascot it is impossible to say. One by one his horses are appearing, and all are doing ever so much better. It cannot be entirely ascribed to the change of jockeys from Hulme to Smyth. It would be ridiculous to suggest such a thing, just as I find it impossible to supply an explanation which looks reasonable. Teresina at Newbury was followed at Newmarket by an even more remarkable example as supplied by Salmon Trout, who at Ascot could not get a place in a small field for the St. James's Palace Stakes won by Tom Pinch. It seemed too absurd for words. Last week the same horse won the Princess of Wales' Stakes in great style, and had behind him such as Parmenio, Obliterate, Verdict and Twelve Pointer. Three year olds filled the first three places and the aspirations associated with Verdict were rudely squashed. She ran as if a non-stayer over a mile and a half, though she had won the Coronation Stakes over the same distance at Epsom.

The whole thing leaves one gasping for understanding of why these things should be. The Stewards of the Jockey Club may have considered that no enquiry was necessary into the quickly changed form on the ground that Salmon Trout was running over a mile only at Ascot, and here the distance was a mile and a half. That was true enough, but the farther they had gone at Ascot the farther would Salmon Trout have been left behind! He would have won the Princess of Wales' Stakes at a mile just as he won it at a mile and a half! Leaving all that aside, however, it is satisfactory to find Salmon Trout justifying himself at last. He was not well ridden in the Derby, apart from any misfortune in being left many lengths at the start, and, bearing all these things in mind, we must accept him now as a likely candidate to win St. Leger honours, assuming that all does not go well with Sansovino.

PHILIPPOS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# OLD MANORIAL HOUSES

**S**O keen is the demand for fine old manorial houses that transactions are now opened and concluded in two or three days, instead of, as at one time, in as many weeks or even months. In one instance this week the would-be buyer of a country estate happened to find the owner in the house and, ascertaining from him the price of the property, took out his wallet and wrote a cheque for, roundly, £20,000 there and then. This speeding-up of business is all to the good, and betokens the confidence of buyers, who know that if, in turn, they wish to sell equally prompt offers may be relied upon. A profit has been offered in the last day or two on one considerable transaction in residential property, a disappointed prospective purchaser being more than ever convinced.

### CASTLE COMBE TO BE LET.

**C**ASTLE COMBE, near Chippenham, has a long and fascinating story. In King Alfred's time there was a castle in the park, but this was destroyed in 878 by the Danes. There is still a keep tower on Castle Hill—the remains of the castle built by the De Dunstanvilles, who made it their chief residence in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The property passed to the Scrope family in 1372, and remained in their possession for 500 years. The original manor house was erected by them in the fourteenth century, its site now being occupied by the beautiful Jacobean manor house, for which a tenant is to be found by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Dating back to 1604, it still retains its old charm, although possessing present-day comforts. Trout fishing may be enjoyed, and shooting is available over some 3,000 acres. In 1409 the widow of Sir Stephen Scrope married Sir John Fastolf (the Sir John Falstaff of the plays). Sir John held the greater part of the estate until his death in 1460.

Next Wednesday the Westbury estate, West Meon, Hampshire, will be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Petersfield. The estate, which covers over 2,297 acres, is of historical interest, for the manor of Wesberie was held by Edward the Confessor by Ulnod the Thegn, and by Hugh de Port under William the Conqueror. The manor subsequently passed from the de Ports to the St. Johns, and in the reign of Henry II the owners of the property assumed the surname of Westbury. In 1316 a favourite of Edward II, Robert le Ewer, was possessed of the estate. The Chapel of St. Nicholas, the ruins of which may be seen in the grounds, was built by him. Last century it was acquired by an ancestor of the vendor.

Sir Reginald Butler, Bt., has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Old Park Farm, Devizes, 160 acres, by auction locally in September. They have sold Hillside, Bidbrough, Kent, 12 acres, for Major A. C. Allan, D.S.O., M.C., and the auction at Hanover Square will not take place.

Kent Hatch, Westerham, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley subsequent to the recent auction of the contents of the residence. The firm has been requested by Captain B. Davies to offer Red Home, Walton Heath, by auction during the season.

### FUTURE OF MANSIONS.

**I**N the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on June 21st reference was made to an experiment then about to be made of offering Rolleston Hall, near Burton-upon-Trent, for sale in lots for subdivision into separate self-contained dwellings. The auction was held by Messrs. Leedam and Harrison, in conjunction with Messrs. Richardson and Linnell, and "upset" (or minimum acceptable) prices of £2,000 and £1,750 respectively were named for Lots 1 and 2. A very commendable set of plans prepared by Mr. R. S. Litherland, indicating how the mansion was to be altered to comply with the conditions of sale, was presented with every copy of the elaborate particulars and, recognising that the auction was an experiment, the agents had evidently taken special care to make it a success. Neither of the lots named found a buyer and, possibly for that reason, the remaining three lots of the mansion itself were also withdrawn. Some of the cottages found buyers, and the fishpond of 4 acres and adjoining plantation, in all just over 10 acres, with summer-houses and a boat, realised £675.

Another mansion, The Wildernes, on the outskirts of Sevenoaks, after having been in the market for a long period, is to become a country residential club, and will probably be opened next month.

### TRERICE MANOR SOLD.

**T**RERICE MANOR, Newquay, built by John Arundell in 1572, on a site which had previously been residential, has been sold by Messrs. Wilson and Co. The history of the house was given in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on April 26th last, and it was the subject of an illustrated article in these columns on August 5th, 1911, by Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. The connection of the Arundells with Trerice runs from a remote period, and in 1802 the estate devolved on the Aclands of Killerton. The ceilings of the hall and drawing-room are elaborately ornamented, and there are mantelpieces dated 1573, a turret with a spiral staircase, an ambulatory, secret passage to a "priest's hiding," and a private dungeon. The house was designed in the form of a letter E, as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, but some sixty years ago the north wing was blown down. Messrs. Wilson and Co. have also, since the auction, sold a house in Chapel Street, Belgrave Square.

Lord Cholmondeley is about to dispose of parts of the Cholmondeley Castle estate to meet the heavy demands of death duties, and the tenants have had a private notification of the opportunity of buying their holdings.

### JACOBEAN AND ADAM HOUSES.

**T**HREE fine country houses have been dealt with this week by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Jointly with Messrs. Hampton and Sons they have sold Halsway Manor, near Taunton, a manorial estate of 64 acres, with a stone Tudor house, said to have been a hunting-box of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, co-Regent with the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester in the minority of Henry VI, and lord of the manor of Taunton Deane. To a client of Messrs. Wilson and Co., Jacques Hall, Bradfield, an Essex house of Jacobean origin, near Manningtree, with 14 acres, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who have effected the sale to a client of Messrs. Hampton and Sons of the Surrey estate of Crooksbury, near Farnham, 54 acres, a house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Jointly with Messrs. Jackson Stops, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., next Tuesday (July 15th), at Market Harborough, will offer Dingley Hall and 1,637 acres, on behalf of Viscount Downe, C.M.G., D.S.O. The former firm has disposed of Dallington Bartons.

Saxham Hall, the Adam mansion at Bury St. Edmund's, is to be sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons on behalf of Brigadier-General the Hon. F. Stanley, C.M.G., D.S.O., with 242 acres. The contents of the house are to be sold in September.

Henley Manor was submitted to auction by Messrs. Collins and Collins at Crewkerne, when the hammer fell at £12,000, the purchaser being Mr. C. W. Dare. The property is a good grass farm, and comprises one of the finest breeding establishments in the country. It has an area of 380 acres, and includes an old Tudor house.

### SALE OF DARLASTON HALL.

**W**HEN estates are submitted first as a whole with the proviso that they may be put up in lots a difficult question sometimes arises in the face of a substantial bid, whether to take it or to go on with the offering of the lots. A bid of £31,000 for all the Darlaston estate of 1,134 acres was refused at the Staffordshire auction held by Messrs. Winterton and Sons on behalf of the late Mr. Meakin's trustees, and the Hall and 253 acres were also withdrawn, but found a buyer immediately after the auction. Out of seventeen lots twelve were sold for £21,800, including timber.

An Elizabethan mansion with 400 acres, in the Essex Union Hunt, is for sale by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. It is described in Mr. Chancellor's work on Sepulchral Monuments of Essex.

Messrs. Alexander Hall and Co. have purchased High House, Brentwood, at auction for £3,000 on behalf of a client

Newington, Littleton, in grounds of 3 acres, has been sold privately by Messrs. Harding and Harding, and the firm reports the sale of the lease of Marwell Lodge, near Winchester, a fine old residence in parklands of 40 acres.

The demand for what are often called "gentlemen's fruit, pleasure and poultry farms" in East Kent and the Wealden area is inexhaustible, and another long list of sales, totalling about £30,000, has been compiled in a few weeks by Messrs. Geering and Colyer. It includes Gorsehedge, Great Chart, 10 acres; The Outlook, Stanford, 9 acres; and The Hope and Anchor, Rye.

### A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

**U**PWEY HOUSE, dating from the year 1639, and containing a great deal of paneling, is to be sold at Dorchester on August 9th by Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, on behalf of Mrs. Forsyth; and they are to dispose of West End House and grounds at Ebbesborne Wake, eight miles from Shaftesbury, with additional land if a buyer requires it, on instructions from Mr. L. B. Matthews and Captain G. Blandford Matthews, M.C.

Riseholme, Cobham, on the St. George's Hill estate, has changed hands privately through Messrs. H. E. Foster and Cranfield since the auction. The freehold of just over 5 acres belonged to the late Mr. W. H. Phillips. Surrey property has also been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. Arnold and Son, namely, Moorfields, South Holmwood, a freehold in 4 acres, bordering on Holmwood Common.

Cliff House, Folkestone, with a couple of cottages, a garage and stables, and grounds of 5 acres, and Broughton House, near Stockbridge, an old Queen Anne residence, 26 acres, have been privately sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, and will therefore not be submitted next Tuesday at St. James's Square, when, however, the firm has to sell The Kilns, Ripley, referred to a week ago in these columns; and other houses, among them, The Chestnuts, Shepperton, a freehold residence, garage, cottages and grounds of over 2½ acres; Coombe End, Coombe Warren, in all 12½ acres; The Meads, Pinkneys Green, a freehold of over 2 acres; Rushford Warren, Mudford, about 6½ acres; and land on the Margery estate, between Reigate and Walton Heath, woodlands and other sites of various areas with no restrictions. An "upset" price of £6,000 is fixed for Carrick Grange and nearly 6 acres, a freehold 400ft. above sea level at Sevenoaks, for sale at St. James's Square on July 22nd.

### LORD SALISBURY'S BUILDING LAND.

**T**HE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY has instructed Messrs. Fox and Sons to develop his estate at West Moors, consisting of 315 acres with long frontages to the Ringwood Road. It is intended to submit the whole by auction at an early date in lots. They have also instructions from the trustees of the estate of the late Mr. James Druitt to hold a second auction of freeholds in Christchurch, including Latch Farm of 100 acres.

Almost midway between Cambridge and Newmarket stands the house known as Anglesey Abbey. The chapter house of the old religious establishment is incorporated in the house, being the spacious vaulted lounge hall, and the house largely consists of the old material of the abbey, but embodying things undreamt of in monastic days, such as central heating, electric light, and water supply and sanitation according to modern ideals. Messrs. Harrods, Limited, are to sell the house and appurtenant land, and the buyer can have shooting over about 2,000 acres. Founded by Henry I, the Augustinian monastery of Anglesey was one of the first of its order in England. At the opening of the thirteenth century Lawrence de Tyrrierton erected the greater portion of the buildings. The first lay possessor of the site was John Hynde, a Cambridge lawyer. In 1619 the Manor of Anglesey, as it was then called, was bought by Thomas Hobson, who conveyed it to his son-in-law, Thomas Parker, on the latter's marriage, and it was probably he who pulled down the chapel and built the present house. In 1736 the Parker family sold the manor to Sir George Downing, founder of Downing College.

ARBITER.